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INSTRUCTOR ENTERTAINMENT SERIES

Christmas Plays and Recitations



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

LITTLE PLAYS AND EXERCISES NO. 1

The following plays are included in one book. Price 35 cents.

The Rainy Daisies and Parasols. By S. Emily Potter. Separate songs and drills for both boys and girls and a finale together. With music.

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Christmas Joys and Christmas Toys. By Laura R. Smith. Children represent dolls and toys. Stocking drill. 25 children or less. **What Santa Brought.** By Willis N. Bugbee. 6 children.

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Arbor Day Wishes. By Lettie Sterling. Songs and drill. 8 girls, 3 or 4 boys; 2 children as Fairies.

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. By Alice W. Dickson. 4 girls and 7 boys. **June Roses.** By Nellie R. Cameron. Drill and song. For girls.

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In the Palace of Kriss Kringle. By Annie M. Wadhams Lawton. Kriss Kringle, the Postman, Spirit of Christmas and Mother Goose. Also 8 boys or girls as Brownies.

1
INSTRUCTOR ENTERTAINMENT SERIES

117
1881

Christmas Plays and Recitations

RECITATIONS; SONGS; ACROSTICS; DRILLS AND
DANCES; EXERCISES; PLAYS AND
DIALOGUES

Compiled by
FLORENCE R. SIGNOR

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

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Christmas Plays and Recitations

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Recitations

My Favorite Tree

My daddy likes an apple tree,
My mother likes the cherry;
Some folks I know like peaches best,
But trees that make me merry

Are those that grow some teddy-bears,
A bugle, blocks, and toys;
Tin soldiers, and an air gun too,
Such fun for little boys!

Just let them have their big fruit trees
With things to eat so fine;
There's no tree like a Christmas tree,
I'll choose that style for mine.

Lucile Crites.

Christmas Shopping

When Mother and I go shopping
For things for Christmas Day,
We have the happiest time because
The shops all look so gay.

They are dressed up in shining tinsel,
And ribbons of green and red,
And pictures of old Saint Nicholas
Wherever you turn your head.

And bright-looking wreaths of holly
 Everywhere meet your eye,
 And tables are full of the jolliest things
 Just waiting for you to buy.

Games and dishes and balls and books
 With pictures a child can draw,
 And the biggest and loveliest wonderful dolls
 That anyone ever saw.

Then you see such hundreds of people
 Before the day is through,
 That it seems everyone in the whole wide world
 Is shopping as well as you.

And they push and jostle you sometimes,
 But it's all in a friendly way,
 And nobody minds it, and everyone smiles,
 For they're thinking of Christmas Day.

Ella Mary Hart.

Santa's Lunch

I never thought it one bit right
 To treat Old Santa so;
 To let him go away back home
 Through ice and sleet and snow

Without a single bite to eat
 Nor drink of nice warm tea;
 Oh, dear! I wish he'd come right now,—
 Then he could eat with me.

So, Dolly dear, just listen now
 To what I'm going to do;
 I'll set a lunch for Santa Claus
 As soon as we are through.

I'll pour the tea, and fix it nice,—
He has to hurry so
To get his work all done to-night
Before he has to go.

And now it's time for him to come
Before so very long,
So I will make some nice new tea—
He likes it warm and strong.

I'll fix some pie and pudding too, —
I know he's fond of sweets,—
Then we will hide right over here
And watch him while he eats.

J. C. C.

I'd Like to Know

I'd like to know why Santa Claus
Makes all his calls at night;
Why can't he travel in the dark,
And get here while it's light?

I'd like the chance of thanking him
For my nice dolls and books,
And I would like to meet him once
To know just how he looks.

Why must he come through sleet and snow
From that far distant land?
Why won't he rent a house in town,—
Then he'd be close at hand?

Why must he always come at night
When we are all asleep?
How can he always find his way
When snow banks are so deep?

If you should chance to see him soon
Ask him to call Nine-O;
I'd try to make him tell to me
These things I'd like to know.

J. C. C.

Santa Claus' Cousins

Listen, my children, and you shall know
Why Santa Claus stays in his House of Snow

And sends his Cousins all over the earth
To do his errands with joy and mirth.

You know how big the world has got—
It really would bother Old Santa a lot—

If he hadn't sent word to his Cousins for aid,
He never would really get through, I'm afraid.

So he sent for his Cousins to come to a feast:
They came from the North, from South, West and
East.

And as they came, each and all, down the pike—
Well! what do you think! They all looked alike,

Except that each one wore the clothes he liked best—
Depending on whether from East or from West.

There was Tony from Italy in a fine boat,
And old Uncle Sam in an airplane afloat,

And John Bull, whose Cousin in Canada lives,
Looked just like old Santa the storybook gives.

The Swiss and Norwegians, and Dutch, as you know,
Already were dressed for the cold and the snow.

In France and in Spain it is not very cold,
So the Cousins dressed lightly, or so I am told.

And now that your pennies to Heathen Lands go,
The Cousins must carry the message of snow:

The boys and the girls in African lands
Want Santa to come and pour gifts in their hands.

So all the good Cousins from far and from wide
Take Santa Claus presents, whatever betide—

By engine, by camel, by boat or by horse,
By cutter, by airplane, by auto, of course.

Every child in the land looks for Santa to come;
And what would he do if his Cousins stayed home?

So, dear children, if Santa himself you don't see,
Believe he's as busy as busy can be,

Making ready the packs for his Cousins to give
To the boys and the girls, wheresoever they live.

Anna N. A. Law.

The Chimney's Size

The architects and carpenters
Could learn a thing or two
About the size of chimneys—
I mean the chimney flue.

If, when they draw their plans and things,
They'd speak a word to me,
And say, "Now tell me just the size
This chimney here should be"—

I'd say, "Don't fail to build it high,
And breadth it must not lack;
In short, make sure it's wide enough
For Santa and his pack."

E. S.

“Grampas”

My grandpa, when it's Chris'mas, he
 Comes to our house the day before,
 An' Chris'mas mornin' him an' me
 Gets all my toys down on th' floor,
 An' he winds up my engine men
 An' makes my train go 'round the track,
 An' he'ps me march my soldier men,
 And shows me 'bout my jumping-jack,
 An' ever'thing I say I know
 'Bout Santa Claus he says it's so.

My grandpa he don't ever care
 How much I rumple up his clo'es
 Or muss his whiskers or his hair—
 He says 'at such things only shows
 'At boys is boys, an' has to play
 An' be as glad as they can be—
 An' ever' time it's Chris'mas day,
 W'y he comes here to play with me,
 An' Ma, one time, she kind o' smiled,
 An' said: “Which one o' you's the child?”

My grandpa always understands
 Just what I mean an' how I feel
 When I don't want to wash my hands
 Before I sit down to a meal.
 An' Ma, she laughs at him an' says:
 “A man of his age ought to know
 'Bout raisin' children”—anyways,
 He really mustn't spoil me so.
 An' once I ast her, when he's gone,
 “Is grampas boys with whiskers on?”

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Kris Kringle

Kris Kringle is coming;
Kris Kringle is coming;
 Kris Kringle is coming to town!
He wears a big pack
On the top of his back,
 And looks like a funny old clown.

Now wait just a minute,
I'll tell you what's in it,
 Then won't your eyes sparkle with joy!
There's something with curls
For good little girls,
 And something as nice for each boy.

There are flaxen-haired dollies,
And all sorts of follies
 To please little folks Christmas Day;
There are gay horses prancing,
And jumping jacks dancing,
 And everything fitted for play.

From Kris Kringle's chin
Hangs a plenty of tin,—
 Tin trumpets and watches and drums;
Noah's ark painted red,
A little doll's bed,
 And soldiers with very big guns.

From out of his pockets
He'll take sugar locketts,
 And candies all red, white, and blue;
And there will be kisses
For nice little misses,
 And sweetmeats in plenty for you.

Oh, won't there be funning
And laughing and running
 When little folks peep in their hose,
And pull out the candy,
And everything handy,
 Stuffed full to the end of the toes!

Then hang up your stockings!
Oh, won't there be knockings
 When Kris Kringle enters the town!
He wears a big pack
On the top of his back,
 And looks like a funny old clown.

A Christmas Problem

There's something I've been trying my best to figure
 out of late,
'Cause Christmas is so nearly here that I can hardly
 wait—
And I've been wondering whether Santa Claus will
 come this year
From 'way up in the Northland with his little old
 reindeer;
It seems to me that traveling that way must be
 rather cold,
And Dasher, Vim, and Prancer must be getting
 pretty old.
It might be better if dear Santa had an aeroplane
To fly around from place to place and back up North
 again.
But just suppose an accident should happen to him
 —My!
Then what a sad world this would be if Santa Claus
 should die!

A good big automobile is much safer, certainly,
Yes, I think I'd say an auto if old Santa should ask
me.

But when I think the matter over, pshaw! Why, I
don't know—

It wouldn't do at all, if there should be a heavy snow.
And if he had to stop to fix a tire here and there,
Christmas would be over before he'd been every-
where.

So just how Santa Claus will come is hard to tell, I
s'pose;

As yet, I haven't found a person anywhere who
knows.

It is indeed perplexing; but perhaps it would be
wise,

You know, they say it always pays for folks to ad-
vertise.

“Wanted: A conveyance that is safe and warm and
quick;

Must be ready before Christmas—apply to Old Saint
Nick.”

Ella Mary Hart.

Look Up the Chimney!

A really famous visitor
Has just arrived to-day.
He must have traveled very far,
How far I cannot say;

But everyone has welcomed him
With smile and wave of hand.
It seems so wonderful to me,
For all about the land

He's greeted on the self-same day
In every place I know.

I think he has an aeroplane,
All hung with bells below,
And flies across United States,
With smiling, merry face—
Then out to sea and far away
To France, or other place.

Now have you guessed this visitor
With heart so full of cheer,
Who comes to share it with us all
Just once in all the year?

You do not know who it may be?—
His name begins with S. and C.!

Louise Marshall Haynes.

A Christmas Wish

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting-house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one
Before the sun went down.

One would want a little jackknife,
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set,
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark,
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook stove,
And a little toy washtub;
Some would prefer a little drum
For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub; .
Some would wish for a storybook,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a nice tool box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels,
And candy of every kind;
And buy all the almonds and pecan nuts,
And taffy that I could find;
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very first
thing
When they woke on Christmas Day.

Christmas Greeting

Christmas joy is in the air,
Holly branches everywhere,
Bells are ringing loud and clear—
Merry Christmas, children dear!

Maude M. Grant.

Christmas Day Is Coming

Christmas Day is coming.

You can smell it in the air,
By the fir and spruce and balsam
And pine boughs everywhere.

Christmas Day is coming.

My, but it is nice
To hang around the kitchen
And smell the cakes and spice!

Christmas Day is coming.

You can hear it day and night,
As the children, learning carols,
Sing with all their might.

Christmas Day is coming.

You can hear it, for you know
Folks are whispering secrets
Everywhere you go.

Christmas Day is coming.

You can taste it for yourself
In the cakes and pies and goodies
That crowd the pantry shelf.

Mother's made plum pudding,
And cookies, rich and sweet.

Sister's making candy

That you long to eat.

Christmas Day is coming.

You can feel it when you see
Mother hiding bundles, and you think,
Is that for me?

When the postman brings a package
You carry it quite slow,

For you wish to read the address,
And feel it as you go.

Christmas Day is coming.
You can see it every day
In the happy smiling faces
That look so bright and gay,
In the shops where crowds are buying
Gifts for those most dear;
And every day you're saying,
"Christmas's almost here."

Harriet G. Brown.

Season of Joys

Everyone happy,
Nobody sad;
Bells ringing sweetly,
Voices so glad;
Eager hearts waiting,
Faces aglow;
Christmas trees lighted,
Tinsel and show;
Full of surprises,
For girls and for boys,
Christmas is surely
The season of joys.

Dorothy Reichart.

What Would You Say?

If you should see
A big green tree,
With candles all alight,
With popcorn strings
And pretty things
And tinsel shining bright,

With stars that swing,
And bells that ring,
All green and red and blue,
And lots of toys
For girls and boys,
And lots of candies, too,
And you should hear
Somebody near,
Call out in cheery way:
“What sort of tree
Can this one be?”

I wonder what you'd say?

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

Santa Claus is Coming

Now listen here, good people,
Stop all your fun and noise;
D'ye know Old Santa's coming
To see us girls and boys?

Of course he is, he always does;
Why, what else could he do
With all his reindeer and his sled,
But visit me and you?

He's on the way this minute:
He's fat and growing old.
No, he won't freeze, I know, but—
I 'spect he's getting cold.

So hustle up the fires, boys,
And keep this old house bright;
Old Santa Claus is coming,
He'll come this very night.

Nessie L. Jones.

Why?

A bad little boy gets suddenly good,
And every day he does whatever he should.
He brings in wood—the next day's supply—
And even offers the dishes to dry.

Sister takes care of the baby each day:
You can't make her cross, whatever you say.
Whenever the table has to be set,
She's there like the drop of a hat—you bet!

You can't guess the reason? Oh, me, oh, my!
But look at the date. It'll tell you why. (*Points to
large December 25.*) *Eliza Macbeth.*

Christmas on the Way

Choo-oo! Choo-oo! Choo-oo!
Off my right of way, there, please!
Here I come, with goods enough
To load a thousand Christmas trees.

They used to tell 'twas a prancing pair
Of reindeer, drawing a jingling sleigh,
But these could never bring Christmas round
Without the help of the train, to-day.

I bring a car of Christmas bloom,
And I bring a car for the dry-goods shop,
And a car of books, and a car of toys.
I scatter Christmas where I stop.

And here is a car of Christmas mail,
With cards for all, and surprise for some;
And here is a car for the grocer's stall.
The guests arrive where'er I come.

Choo-oo! Choo-oo! Choo-oo!

Off my right of way there, please!

Here I come, to light with mirth

The faces round your Christmas trees.

Julia M. Martin.

If Santa Claus Lived in a Shoe

“There was an old woman
 Who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children
 She didn’t know what to do;
 She gave them some broth,
 Without any bread;
 And whipped them all soundly,
 And put them to bed!”

I guess if old Santa Claus
 Knew about that,
 He’d ask that old lady
 Just what she was at!
 To spank all those children,
 And make them all cry!
 When they couldn’t help it,
 And never knew why!

I guess old Saint Nick
 Has a lot more than she!
 And he’d not go crazy,
 And slap them, not he!
 He’d give them some candy,
 And tuck them in tight,—
 “Merry Christmas to all,
 And to all a Good Night!”

Charles Irvin Junkin.

Good Night

For a little girl wearing a nightdress and carrying a candle.
I don't feel very sleepy, and it isn't really late,
But Santa Claus is coming and, you see, I just can't
wait;
So I think I'll hang my stocking here, and then blow
out the light,
'And wish you all a very merry Christmas, and good
night.

Ella Mary Hart.

The Baby's Stocking

Hang up the baby's stocking—
Be sure you don't forget!
The dear little dimpled darling,
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan,
I'll borrow a stocking from Grandma,
The largest ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear Mother,

Right here in the corner so,
 And write a letter to Santa Claus
 And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
 That hangs in the corner here;
 You have never seen her, Santa,
 For she only came this year;
 But she's the blessedest baby!
 And now before you go
 Just cram her stocking with goodies,
 From the top clean down to the toe."

O Christmas Tree!

O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!
 What will you bear this year for me?
 Amid your candles' sparkling sheen,
 Upon your spicy branches green,
 Already your delights I see,
 O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!

O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!
 What shall your Christmas meaning be?
 That all the world shall glow and shine
 With just such little lights as mine
 That warm to other hearts I'll be,
 O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!

O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!
 The fruits you bear shall mean to me
 That pleasant words and smiles shall fall
 The whole year long, like gifts, to all
 Of those I love and who love me,
 O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!

Mary Bailey.

That Shocking Stocking

Recitation to be given before imitation fireplace by small girl holding a big stocking.

This is where I hang my stocking

Every Christmas Eve.

Mother says its size is shocking

Every Christmas Eve.

But there's this I must consider

That each year I'm growing bigger

Every Christmas Eve;

Santa'll want more room to put things,

All the lovely things he brings

Every Christmas Eve.

Cora Allen.

A Christmas Carol

There's a song in the air!

There's a star in the sky!

There's a mother's deep prayer '

And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy

O'er the wonderful birth,

For the Virgin's sweet boy

Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star

Lie the ages impearled;

And the song from afar

Has swept over the world.

Every home is aflame, and the Beautiful sing

In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.

Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

The Shop Window

There's a wonderful window on Normandy Street,
I saw it when passing one day,
And I just had to stop, for it seemed that my feet
Had refused to take me away.
In the center, a marvelous Christmas tree stands,
All covered with silver and gold,
And I wished and I wished I might reach up my
hands
And grasp all I ever could hold.

There's a doll gayly dressed in her holiday gown,
And her beautiful golden curls
Have made her, I'm sure, the talk of the town,
And the dream of all little girls.
There are guns, there are drums, there are automo-
biles,
There are great big balloons on a string,
There are horses and dogs and a "choo-choo" on
wheels,
There are pretty picture books, blocks—every-
thing!

And wished I might climb through that window
and play
With the hundreds of beautiful toys,
For it seemed as I stood there that I heard them say,

“We were made just for small girls and boys.”
So I dreamed till the darkness came on me because,
Somehow, I awf’ly hated to leave;
And since then I’ve been hoping that old Santa Claus
Won’t forget me on this Christmas Eve.

Ella Mary Hart.

The First Christmas

The sky is full of bright twinklers,
But none so bright as that star
Which guided those wonderful Wise Men
Who came on their camels so far.

The world is full of glad music,
But no song such gladness can keep
As the song of the beautiful angels
To the men who were watching their sheep.

The world is full of sweet babies,
But never a baby so sweet
As the one we find in a manger
On the very first Christmas we meet.

The Christmas Stars

High over hills snow-laden,
The stars look down to-night;
Softly on southern meadows
They shed their mellow light.

On palm and pine their brooding
Old scenes to us recall—
The shepherds and the Wise Men,
The Christ Child in the stall.

Mabel J. Bourquin.

Mr. Santa Claus

A costume piece, companion to "Mrs. Santa Claus."

Dear children, again I've come to you,
From the land of ice and snow;
Though a year has passed since last we met,
Yet no older do I grow.

Oh, I'm just as young as I ever was,
I'm always the same old Santa Claus.

I hope you've been good this year,
I think I have gifts for you all,
I'm glad to see such hearty cheer
When I make my Christmas call.

Oh, I'm just as young as I ever was,
I'm always the same old Santa Claus.

Dear Mrs. Santa Claus needed an outing too,
So she came along with me,
She couldn't climb down the chimney to you,
But walked in the door, you see.

Oh, I'm just as young as I ever was,
I'm always the same old Santa Claus.

I have your names in a book, right here,
Let's see if I find them all,—
Yes, Second B, Second A, Lowell School,
Have tried to be good this fall.

Oh, I'm just as young as I ever was,
I'm always the same old Santa Claus.

Then get to work and hang for me
Your stockings left or right,
With name so plain that I'll surely see
When I make my call to-night.

Oh, I'm just as young as I ever was,
I'm always the same old Santa Claus.

Eva May Moss.

NOTE: In the fourth stanza change grade and school to suit the locality. At the close of each verse Santa dances, flinging out arms and feet. He wears a suit of bright red outing flannel trimmed with white canton flannel; small bells are on the belt.

Mrs. Santa Claus

A costume piece, companion to "Mr. Santa Claus."

I'm Mrs. Santa Claus, my dears,
Of course you all must know,
For I'm dressed just like my husband here,
You see, from top to toe.

Our house is built on fields of ice,
In Northland, far away.
You'd surely think it very nice
For many and many a day.

We sit around a roaring fire,
And make all kinds of toys,
We work for love, so never tire
Of it, dear girls and boys.

Then too, I clean dear Santa's clothes—
They are a sight, oh, my!—
With chimney soot; how do you s'pose
I have the heart to try?

You wonder why I came this year?—
Don't tell a single soul,—
My dear old husband, good St. Nick,
I fear is growing old.

So I came down to help him some
In giving out the toys,

That he might hurry fast back home,
For all the girls and boys

Want Santa Claus to come again
For many and many a year;
I thought that he might catch the grip
If he should linger here.

Then too, I wished to make a call
And have a word to say,
To wish you now, both one and all,
A happy Christmas Day.

Eva May Moss.

A Christmas Carol

“What means this glory round our feet,”
The Magi mused, “more bright than morn?”
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

“What means that star?” the shepherds said,
“That brightens through the rocky glen?”
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, “Peace on earth, good will to men!”

’Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e’er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the Wise Men saw,

If we our loving wills incline
 To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
 The simple faith of shepherds then,
 And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
 Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
 But keep at eve the faith of morn,
 Shall daily hear the angel-song,
 "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

James Russell Lowell.

An Act of Courtesy

(Speaking in an important tone.)

I'm most too large,—I hardly think
 I'll care, this year, for toys;
 I'd rather work at lessons, like
 The other girls and boys.

(Unrolls very large stocking.)

I'm not a "close" or greedy boy,
 I'm sure *that's* very clear;
 But, just to be polite, I'm going
 To hang this stocking here!

(Hangs up stocking.)

(Apologetically.)

I'll hang it plain in Santa's sight,
 Where it may sure be found,
 Just so he'll feel at home, in case
 He *happens* to come 'round.

Dora A. Mondore.

Santa

To be recited just before the entrance of Santa Claus.

Santa is a jolly man,
Rosy, fat and round;
'Way up in the northern land
Santa's home is found.

There, 'most all the long year through,
Factories are filled
Night and day with workingmen,
Busy, strong and skilled.

Till at last, near Christmas Eve,
Heaps and heaps of toys
All stand ready to be sent
To waiting girls and boys.

Then Santa packs into his sleigh
The heavy, precious load,
And starts with merry whistle sweet
Down the snowy road.

On he speeds, and at each house
Where little children live,
He leaves a portion of his pack,
For Santa loves to give.

(Sleigh bells may here be rung behind the scene.)

Hush! Listen! Seems to me I hear
Just now a speeding sleigh!
Oh! can it be dear Santa Claus
A-coming down our way?

(Santa enters)

M. Louise Smith.

CHRISTMAS PLAYS AND RECITATIONS

Hurrah!

Hurrah for the time of merry Kris Kringle,
Of feasting, of games, and of toys,
Of sleigh-bells that jingle and fingers that tingle,
And shouting of girls and of boys!

Hurrah for the time when the Christmas tree,
lighted,
Is laden with tinsel and things,
And all are excited and no one is slighted,
And every one merrily sings!

Hurrah for the season of glistening holly,
Of playing and fun without pause,
Of soldier and dolly and everything jolly,
And best of all, old Santa Claus!

Bethlehem

Over the town of Bethlehem
A glorious star shone bright,
And filled the streets and winding ways
With wondrous, radiant light.
But heedless passers-by ne'er thought,
Nor dreamed upon their way,
That o'er this sad, sin-darkened world
Was breaking dawn of day.

Across the distant desert sands
Three eager travelers came
Into the town of Bethlehem,
Led by that starry flame,
And humble men from Judea's plains,
With hurrying feet drew near;
The star gleamed o'er a stable door
With radiance soft and clear.

CHRISTMAS PLAYS AND RECITATIONS

here in the town of Bethlehem

Was earth made free from sin,
As over gloom, and dark, and dread
The Light of life shone in.
Each heart be glad, each soul rejoice,
While bells their tidings ring;
For in the town of Bethlehem,
Was born the Christ, our King.

Nellie T. Burleson.

Getting a Christmas Tree

I know a boy in the city,
And it seems so strange to me,
He wrote and said that he hoped his dad
Would *buy* him a Christmas tree.

Now I never heard of buying one,
'Cause in our little country town,
When it's time for getting a Christmas tree
We just go and cut it down.

We boys put our caps and mittens on,
Then take a hatchet, and go
Through the snowy woods till at last we come
To the place where the fir trees grow.

Then we take the one that we like the best,
And we gather some bitter-sweet,
Then home again, with the crispy snow
Sparkling beneath our feet.

I'm sorry for boys in the city,
But they never knew, I suppose,
That it's half the fun of a Christmas tree
To get one right where it grows.

Ella Mary Hart.

Christmas Eve

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

Alfred Tennyson, in "In Memoriam."

Fruit of the Christmas Tree

Of all the trees in the woods and fields,
There's none like the Christmas tree;
Tho' rich and rare is the fruit he yields,
The strangest of trees is he.
Some drink their fill from shower or rill;
No cooling draught needs he;

Some bend and break when the storms awake,
But they reach not the Christmas tree.

When the wintry winds thro' the forests sweep
And snow robes the leafless limb,
When cold and still is the ice-bound deep,
Oh, this is the time for him!
Beneath the dome of the sunny home
He stands, with all his charms;
'Mid laugh and song from the youthful throng,
As they gaze on his fruitful arms.

There's golden fruit on the Christmas tree,
And gems for the fair and gay;
The lettered page for the mind bears he,
And robes for the wintry day.
And there are toys for the girls and boys;
And eyes that years bedim
Grow strangely bright, with a youthful light
As they pluck from the pendant limb.

The Christmas Tree

Last night it stood there slim and green
With not one trinket to be seen!

But oh, the splendid Christmas tree
That in the morning greeted me!

It's such a shining, wondrous sight,
And just grew that way over night!

With toys it's simply hanging thick—
It's quite as full as any tick!

Oh, lovely, radiant, sparkling tree
That Christmas brings to you and me!

Daisy M. Moore.

Christmas Greetings

WELCOMING BELLS

(Bells are heard as child comes onto stage, and he carries small red paper bells.)

These bells have come to wish you all,
If you are large or if you're small,
A merry, merry Christmas;
We hope that Santa Claus'll bring
The most and best of everything
To make a merry Christmas.

JACK FROST'S GREETING

(Child dressed in white with cotton batting cap covered with diamond dust.)

Oh, I am little Jack Frost, you know;
I've come from a land all covered with snow;
I have come to wish you a merry day
And a Christmas tree all bright and gay.

DOLLY'S CHRISTMAS

(Little girl dressed in stiffly starched dress with sash and large hair ribbon to represent doll. Walks onto stage very stiffly.)

I'm a little Christmas dolly;
I hope that each one feels quite jolly;
I come to make little girls that way,
And to wish you all a merry day.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Santa Claus will soon be here
To greet you one and all,
So I'll just say, "Merry Christmas,"
'Cause I'm not so very tall.

A HAPPY DAY

A merry, merry Christmas
 To each and every one;
 We hope you'll all enjoy the day,
 And have a heap of fun.

A WISH

I've come to wish you, every one,
 A pleasant afternoon;
 I hope you'll all have lots of fun
 And come back very soon.

Eloise M. Aldrich.

Around the Christmas Tree

'Round the Christmas tree we gather,
 Our hearts are light and gay;
 And right merrily we carol
 A joyful Christmas lay.

Hark! hark! the bells all chime,
 Loud and clear at the Christmas time;
 Hark! hark! our songs of glee
 Round the shining Christmas tree.

For Christmas time has come, and
 Its joys the world enfold;
 Such gifts as love bestoweth
 Our eyes shall now behold.

The tree is all a-sparkle,
 Its tapers, burning bright,
 Show fruit that shall be gathered
 By loving hands to-night.

On its branches, brightly glowing,
 What treasures do we find!

The tree, revolving, showeth
Dainty gifts of every kind.

What though the snow is lying
White over all the land?
What matters it, while Christmas
And joy go hand in hand?

The Christmas Message

We hear the Christmas message
Brought to us long ago;
Why have the centuries kept it fresh?
Why do we prize it so?

Because it is rich with the gold of love
That with bright, exhaustless flow
From unfailing source in the Heart Divine
Supplies our hearts below.

And it tells of the tender, human bond,
Since ever the world began.
For it teaches the Fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man.

But how can we carry the tidings,
Make each man as loving and true
To the poor, the oppressed and the lowly,
As they are to me and you?

Let them shine in thought and word and deed,
As we work on the heavenly plan;
And, blessed by the Fatherhood of God,
Prove the brotherhood of man.

Jane Andrews.

It Pays

Why, lately I've been just as good
 As good can ever be,
 And Mother says she cannot tell
 What's coming over me.

I do not scold, I do not tease,
 I do not squirm about,
 And when I get the smallest piece
 I do not even pout.

"Why, goodness me, she must be ill,"
 Says Mother, with a sigh;
 But Father says, "Now goodness pays
 When Christmas time is nigh."

Alma Edler.

His Job

I'm getting ready to apply
 For a new job, you see;
 I'm not so big but I could try,
 If he will just try me.

You see, old Santa has to hire
 A lot of girls and boys,
 And it seems to me I'd never tire
 Of making pretty toys.

And so I comb and brush my hair,
 And see if my tie's straight;
 Put¹ on the best I've got to wear,
 I'm afraid I might be late.

It² won't be long till he'll be here;
 Oh, my! I'm 'most afraid;

He might let me hold his reindeer,
If all the toys are made.

³And if he asks you how I'd be,
Or if you think I'd do,
Please speak a good word then for me,
And⁴ I'll remember you.

DIRECTIONS: For a very small boy, who has a small mirror in his hand. He may put it on a stand or hold it in his hand. He combs his hair and straightens tie, stopping now and then to look at audience. 1. Point to clothes. 2. Brush coat and look around toward chimney if there is one. 3. Put mirror and comb in pocket. Step forward. 4. Nod head and turn to leave.

Emma R. Nichols.

A Loving Heart

Little gifts are precious,
If a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers
As they do their part.

Her Choice

There's something that I'd like to be,
But somehow I'm all mixed;
If I could just be two, you see,
Why then I'd have it fixed.

I'd like to be old Santa's girl,
And watch him make the toys;
I'd like to make the snow just whirl—
Wonder if he has girls and boys.

But then I love my papa dear,
And I know he loves me, too;
Old Santa lives so far from here;
I wish he'd move, don't you?

Papa says some day he'll introduce
Old Santa Claus to me;
He laughs and says then I can choose
Whose girl I want to be.

Emma R. Nichols.

How Santa Claus Came Down the Chimney

Last Christmas Eve, when we were snug in bed,
And all the lights were out, Tommy, he said,
"I'd like to know how 'tis, with pack and all,
That Santa Claus got down the chimney hole."

"Let's lie awake and see, and then we'll know;
Won't it be fun to see him squeezed up so?"
And so we lay awake, but by and by
I got to sleeping some with my left eye;

But still I saw the chimney with my right;
And by and by there came the queerest sight;
A little man, no bigger than Tom Thumb,
With a little pack no bigger than my drum,

Came sliding down the chimney more and more,
Until he went kerbump upon the floor;
And then he looked around the room a spell,
But very soon his pack began to swell.

It kept a-swelling more and more and more,
Till it was bigger than the parlor door;
And then I saw that it was full of toys
And books and dolls, and things for girls and boys.

And soon the little man had grown so tall
He didn't seem to be a dwarf at all;
And then he took some things out of his pack
And filled my stocking till I thought 'twould crack.

And then the pack grew small and small and small,
Until it wasn't bigger'n' nothin' 'tall,
And Santa Claus he was a dwarf once more,
And climbed up back as he had come before.

Then just as Santa Claus got out of sight
I opened my left eye, and it was light,
And there were all the things for Tommy 'n' me,
A-bursting out, just as I knew they'd be.

But when I told him, Tommy laughed and said,
I was a foolish little sleepy head,
But by and by, he said, "It must be so,
For Santa Claus has left the things, you know."

Clarence Hawkes.

The Reason

Do you folks all know it's Christmas?
Santa Claus is on his way
With his toys and little reindeer.
Do you all know that, I say?

That's the reason we are smiling,
That's the reason we're so gay;
Christmas is a merry season—
We all love this happy day.

Cora Allen.

Jolly Old Santa

Jolly old Santa Claus comes on Christmas night,
Scrambles down the chimney when we've put out the
light;
Fills every stocking up full from top to toe,
Then scrambles out again, and off his reindeer go.

Monira F. McIntosh.

Greetings to Santa

A little girl stands near a toy telephone, which may either hang on the wall or stand on a table. A chair stands near.

I s'pose he's far too busy now
 To answer me by phone;
 But I will show you I know how
 To call up all alone!

(Takes the receiver.)

Hello, Central! Toll Line—yes—
(Puts receiver back, and sits down.)

I will sit and wait.
 Santa's working hard, I guess,
 Hope I'm not too late!

(The telephone rings. The child jumps up and speaks into it.)

I want to speak to Mr. Claus,
 North Pole. Please charge to me!
(Hangs up receiver. Turns to audience.)
 I'm always nice to Central, 'cause
 Politeness pays, you see.

(Telephone rings. She listens.)

"All lines busy?" Well, good-day,
 Thank you just the same.

(To audience.)

I'll send a letter right away,
 And plainly sign my name.

I'll tell him where he'd better climb,
 And in my nicest way

I'll wish for him a merry time,
 Like ours, on Christmas Day.

Daisy D. Stephenson.

The Bethlehem Way

Three Kings came o'er the eastern sands
With richest offering in their hands,
Fine gold, sweet frankincense and myrrh,—
With hearts aglow and hopes astir,
Led by the light of lambent Star
Where Judah's hill arose, afar.

Three Kings, each of a different race,
On soft sands urged their steeds apace;
Thus youth, and age, and stalwart prime,—
In reckoning of Holy time,
The sons of Japheth, Ham and Shem,—
Passed forward on to Bethlehem.

Three Kings the world led in their train,
And though they long in dust have lain,
Their gifts bestowed on bended knee
Still lead to Christ most holily;
For see, along Time's beaten trail
Each year the races without fail
With loving gifts on Christmas Day
Fare forth upon the Bethlehem way.

Annie Winfrey Meek.

Playing Santa Claus

Now Christmas is over, I'm aching to tell
How I played I was Santa, I liked it so well;
On a nice apple I had, so large and so red,
I wrote Grandma's name, and tied on with thread;

Then in her work-basket I put it with care,
And hoped she would think Santa Claus had been
there.

I watched till she found it. She said, "Who'd have thought!

This must be an apple that Santa Claus brought."

I hid in a corner and laughed—full of glee—
To think Grandma's Santa was only just me.
A case for his glasses I made my papa,
And an apron so dainty for precious Mamma;

My grandma she helped me to keep out of sight
Any untidy stitches, and do it all right.

"Santa Claus even thinks of such old folks as we!"
Exclaimed my papa as he called me to see.

And Mamma sweetly said, "Nothing nicer than this
Could Santa have brought me," and gave *me* a kiss.
I like to play Santa, and now I've begun,
I mean every Christmas to keep up the fun.

Christmas Gifts

Long, long ago, the Wise Men
Followed a shining star;
With gold and fragrant spices
They traveled from afar.

They came with eager gladness
Their costly gifts to bring,
In grateful love and worship
To Christ, the new-born King.

We celebrate His birthday
Again, and yet again,
With gifts in glad remembrance
Of God's great Gift to men.

The loving words of Jesus,
O'er fair Judea's hills,
Adown the centuries ringing,
Come echoing to us still—

“Each little gift ye proffer
My watchful eye shall see;
If done for these, my brethren,
Ye've done it unto me.”

Christmas Secrets

Secrets big and secrets small,
On the eve of Christmas;
Such keen ears has ev'ry wall
That we whisper, one and all,
On the eve of Christmas.

As you're coming up the stair,
On the eve of Christmas,
Watch each footstep with great care,
Secrets sweet are hidden there
On the eve of Christmas.

Secrets upstairs, secrets down,
On the eve of Christmas;
Papa brings them from the town,
Wrapped in papers stiff and brown,
On the eve of Christmas.

But the secret best of all—
On the eve of Christmas,
Steals right down the chimney tall,
Fills our stockings great and small,
On the eve of Christmas.

A Christmas Thought

Oh, Christmas is coming again, you say,
And you long for the things he is bringing;
But the costliest gift may not gladden the day,
Nor help on the merry bells' ringing.
Some getting is losing, you understand,
Some hoarding is far from saving;
What you hold in your hand may slip from your hand;
There is something better than having:
 We are richer for what we give;
 And only by giving we live.

Your last year's presents are scattered and gone;
You have almost forgot who gave them;
But the loving thoughts you bestow live on
As long as you choose to have them.
Love, love is your riches, though ever so poor;
No money can buy that treasure;
Yours always, from robber and rust secure,
Your own, without stint or measure:
 It is only love that we can give;
 It is only by loving we live.

For who is it smiles through the Christmas morn—
The Light of the wide creation?
A dear little Child in a stable born,
Whose love is the world's salvation.
He was poor on earth, but He gave us all
That can make our life worth the living;
And happy the Christmas day we call
That is spent, for His sake, in giving:
 He shows us the way to live,
 Like Him, let us love and give!

Lucy Larcom.

When Christmas Comes

When Christmas comes, I never mind the cold.
I like to get up prompt an' go to school,
An' do my sums,
An' clean the walks 'thout waitin' to be told—
Though I like sleddin' better, as a rule,
Or buildin' forts— But nothin' ain't so bad,
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I'd just as lief give half
My cooky to the baby, an' take care
About the crumbs.

It's fun to make the little fellow laugh,
An' I don't mind his taggin' ev'rywhere.
He can't help bein' little! I'm not mad
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I don't forget to give
My shoes a wipe, an' scrub my ears a lot
Till my head hums.

An' Mother says, "That boy's too good to live!"
But I'm not 'fraid of dyin', cause I'm not
No different from always—only *glad*
When Christmas comes!

Abigail Williams Burton.

"The Man on Our Street"

Our town had a outdoor Chris'mas tree
Saturday night! It looked great—gee,
Ev'ry kid in town was there,
An' all their folks, too, jus' packed the square.
An' when the lights was turned on, they
Was all struck in a heap—an' say!
I never seen a thing so bright,
All lit green 'n' red 'n' white!

(Next day The Man on Our Street said,
 "Trees don't make Chris'mas, Ted,"
 An'—he was right.)

The Santy Claus, he was a dandy,
 He guv each kid a stockin'—candy!
 I guess I got a half pound, sure,
 Jim Dean got more—his folks is poor—
 Beside the candy there was toys,
 Some fer girls, some fer us boys.
 Some fellers wasn't too polite
 To crowd right in, 'n' push 'n' fight!
 ("Pshaw!" The Man on Our Street said,
 "Stockin's don't make Chris'mas, Ted,"
 An'—he was right.)

They throwed some carols on a screen,
 An' we all sang—me an' Jim Dean
 Tried to see which could sing the most,
 An' he did easy. (But he don't boast.
 That's why I like Jim—better'n Lew, or
 Skinny Smith—but my! his folks is poor!)
 I liked that song best, "Silent Night,"
 I wish' they'd sung it twice—they might!
 ("Well," The Man on Our Street said,
 "Singin' don't make Chris'mas, Ted,"
 An'—he was right.)

I wish't they'd have one ev'ry year,
 So folks'd come from far an' near—
 Not so much for the things they git;
 But ta see the crowds 'n' the tree all lit,
 Ta feel 'at all the whole thing's for
 Is ta make folks like each other more;

'At while the tree's a smashin' sight,
The show ain't all of it, quite!
("Now," The Man on Our Street said,
"It's lovin' the kids makes Chris'mas, Ted,"
An'—he was right.)

Sing a Song

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings full of toys,
All things in Santa's pack
For merry girls and boys.

Which Is Your Way?

"Christmas is a time for *getting*," said Rob Brown.
"Christmas is a time for *giving*," said Ned Lown.
So Rob asked his father to give him some skates
And thought Aunt Eliza might buy him some dates.

Ned thought that his father might like a new tie,
And he bought Aunt Maria a knife to cut pie.
Rob wanted his sister to get him a sled,
And big brother Dan a warm cap for his head.

Ned thought his wee sister might like a new doll,
And, maybe, his brother'd be glad of a ball.
Rob hoped that his mother would knit him some
mittens—
And Jimmie Green'd give him one of his kittens.

Ned thought he'd make Mother a box for the bread—
And give playmate John a sled, painted red.
Now which do you think had the happier day?
And which, I do wonder, just which is your way?

Cora Allen.

Gift and Giver

Not the gift the gift doth measure,
 Be the boon how rich or rare;
 But the giver's self we treasure—
 'Tis his love we long to share.

No mere dole from purse or basket
 Ever yet true alms did make;
 That is but the empty casket,
 Little worth for its own sake.

More than money men are needed
 In this world that needs so much;
 Men whose bounty is exceeded
 By their hands' fraternal touch.

Philip B. Strong.

The Christmas Stocking

I *was* going to hang up *my* stocking
 (*Holds up tiny white sock.*)

But then it's too small, you see;
 For I told old Santa Claus to bring
 The biggest things to me.

I want a great big engine,
 And an Irish mail to ride,
 I want a flexible flyer,
 And an automobile beside.

So I talked it over with Grandpa;
 He said, "You do, do you!"
 He went to Grandma's bureau
 And said, "D'you think this'll do?"
 (*Holds up large white stocking.*)

Julia DeWitt Stevens.

A Welcome

I'm not so very large, you see,
My wants are very small;
I only want a Christmas tree,
A doll, and that is all.

I like our dear old Santa Claus,
He'll surely come this way;
I wish for you before I pause,
A happy Christmas Day.

A. D. Haines.

All He Wants

Don't want much for Christmas,—
Just some wooden blocks,
Dozen pounds o' candy
Done up in a box;
And a bag of marbles;
And a lot of books;
And a pole for fishing,
Lines, and several hooks;
Three or four small steamboats;
Ten or twenty cents;
And a small, toy farmyard
Surrounded by a fence;
One small bowling alley;
A suit of soldier clo'es;
Music-box, an' organ;
Punch and Judy shows;
Bow and arrow; also,
Possibly, a gun;
And a putty-blower
Would be lots of fun;
Elephants and lions

That would walk and roar,
After they were wound,
Up and down the floor.
These, and several others,
Hanging on the tree,
I've about decided
Would be enough for me.

Christmas Day

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,
A road full twelve months long;
And every mile is as warm as a smile,
And every hour is a song.
Flower and flake, and cloud and sun,
And the winds that riot and sigh,
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true
And Christmas glows in the sky.

To the beautiful home our Christmas comes,
The home that is safe and sweet,
With its door ajar for the beam of the Star,
And its corner for love's retreat.
There the mark on the wall for the golden head
Is higher a bit, for lo!
Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped
There's time for the bairn to grow.

The fair white fields in silence lie,
Invisible angels go
Over the floor that sparkles hoar
With the glitter of frost and snow.
And they scatter the infinite balm of heaven
Wherever on earth they stay,
And heaven's own bliss they pour
On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings,
For old and young to share,
With jingle of bells and silvery swells
Of music in the air.
To make the sad world merry awhile,
And to frighten sin away,
And to bless us all, whatever befall,
Is the task of Christmas Day.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Heaven's Gift

Christmas Day, Christmas Day!
Jesus slept upon the hay,
Just a little baby boy,
Heaven's precious gift of joy.
Happy songs to-day we sing,
Gifts of love to Him we bring.
Jesus, Savior, meek and mild,
Loves each precious little child.

T. B. Weaver.

The Earth Has Grown Old

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!

On the snowflakes that cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with de-
light

That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lowly, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ Child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

Phillips Brooks.

The Message of Christmas

Only a Song in the calm of the night
But the dreamer awakened in joy;
And shepherds in ecstasy knelt at the sight
Of angels borne down from the gateway of Light,
To herald blest Bethlehem's Boy.

Only a Star on the face of the night
Where the feet of the faithful pressed on;
But it lighted the dark of the on-rushing years,
It parted the mists of Earth's heartaches and fears,
As over Judea it shone.

Only a Cry in the heart of the night,
But the Mother-heart heard it, and thrilled;
And Earth, at the sound of that faint infant voice,
Called out to the Moon and the Stars to rejoice,
For God's greatest pledge was fulfilled.

Only a Bell through the hush of the night,
But the feet of the hurrying cease.

The lover, the scorner, the grave, and the gay
Pause, harking the truths that the Christmas bells say,
And blessing their message of peace.

For the Song of the angels, the light of the Star,
The Voice of the incarnate Word,
Thrill ever and ever the tongues of the bells,
Till each dawning Christmas the story compels,
Wherever their echo is heard.

Phila Butler Bowman.

Scaring Santa

Do you know what I'd like to do
When Santa comes a-knocking?
I'd like to squeeze up a little,
And hide behind my stocking.
Then when he opened his packet,
I'd say "Boo!" just for fun,
And maybe it would scare him
So he'd leave his presents and run—
Oh-h-h! wouldn't that be fun?

A Christmas Eve Thought

If Santa Claus should stumble
As he climbs the chimney tall,
With all this ice upon it,
I'm afraid he'd get a fall
And smash himself to pieces,
To say nothing of the toys!
Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
To all the girls and boys.
So I'm going to write a note,
And pin it on the gate;
I'll write it large so he can see

No matter if it's late,
 And say, "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
 To climb the roof to-night;
 But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
 The nursery's on the right."

Santa Claus

I shook hands with Santa Claus,
 In a great big store;
 He was up in Toyland there
 On the seventh floor.

He looked just e'zactly like
 He does in a book,
 Only I could see his eyes
 With their twinkly look.

I could see his funny mouth
 Drawn up like a bow,
 And I touched his great long beard,
 White, as white as snow.

Now when Christmas Eve is here
 And he comes around,
 I shall never try to peep;
 I'll just sleep *real* sound!

Anna Medary.

When Daddy Lights the Tree

We have our share of ups and downs,
 Of cares like other folk;
 The pocketbook is sometimes full,
 We're sometimes nigh dead broke;
 But once a year, at Christmas time,
 Our hearth is bright to see;

The baby's hand just touches heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.

For weeks and weeks the little ones
Have lotted on this hour;
And Mother, she has planned for it
Since summer's sun and shower.
With here a nickel, there a dime,
Put by where none could see,
A loving hoard against the night
When Daddy lights the tree.

The tiny tapers glow like stars;
They 'mind us of the flame
That rifted once the steel blue sky
The morn the Christ-Child came;
The blessed angels sang to earth
Above that far countree—
We think they sing above our hearth
When Daddy lights the tree.

The weest child in Mother's arms
Laughs out and claps her hands,
The rest of us on tiptoe wait;
The grown-up brother stands
Where he can reach the topmost branch
Our Santa Claus to be,
In that sweet hour of breathless joy
When Daddy lights the tree.

Our grandpa says 'twas just as fine
In days when he was young;
For every Christmas, ages through,
The happy bells have rung.
And Daddy's hair is growing gray,
But yet a boy is he.

As merry as the rest of us,
When Daddy lights the tree.

'Tis Love that makes the world go round,
'Tis Love that lightens toil,
'Tis Love that lays up treasure which
Nor moth nor rust can spoil;
And Love is in our humble home,
In largesse full and free,—
We all are very close to heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.

Margaret E. Sangster.

What We Can Give

Though we may not all be able
To give Christmas presents rare,
There are many things we may give
With a happy, cheerful air.
We may give kind deeds and wishes,
We may gladly do our parts
To help and share with others
The Christmas in our hearts.

Margaret Noble.

What Sound is This?

What sound is this that greets the morn;
That o'er the land to-day is borne?
It is the chime of Christmas bells;
Their merry music sinks and swells,
And floating on the frosty air,
Sounds joy and gladness everywhere.
Hark! hark! the bells, the joyous bells,
Sweet is the tale their chiming tells.
The tale of a glad Christmas morn,

When angel songs afar were borne,
And "peace on earth" was wafted wide
Upon the air of Christmastide.

Oh, hearts, rejoice! the world is bright,
Bathed in the sun's refulgent light;
Sound, sound abroad the sweet refrain,
The Christmas-time has come again.

Your Christmas Tree

Within your hearts a Christmas tree
This day is set a-growing,
That on its branches you may hang
The gifts most worth the showing.

A sunny smile, a pleasant word,
For everyone about you,
And willing hands, to make folks feel
They cannot do without you.

An honest speech, a fearless eye,
A kindness without measure,—
'Tis gifts like these upon your trees
That give the sweetest pleasure.

Emery Pottle.

The Little Christmas Tree

The Christmas day was coming, the Christmas eve
drew near;
The fir trees they were talking low at midnight cold
and clear,
And this was what the fir trees said, all in the pale
moonlight,
Now which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy
night?

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty
head,
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they
said;
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a
sigh;
“You all will be approved,” he said, “but oh, what
chance have I?

“I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my
branches grow;
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will
are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas
tree.”

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the
grieving word,
And laughing low he hurried forth with love and pity
stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christ-
mas saint,
And in his kind, fatherly ears rehearsed the fir tree’s
plaint.

Saints are all-powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his
way.

One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to
find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.
O glad and proud the baby-fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among
them all.

He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart
beat fast,
He was a real Christmas tree; he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy
glow,
Six tapers and a tiny doll, were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers
bright;
The forest baby felt the joy and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby
slept,
The little fir in the silent night a patient vigil kept,
Though scorched and brown his needles were, he had
no heart to grieve,—
“I have not lived in vain,” he said. “Thank God for
Christmas Eve!”

Susan Coolidge.

The Soft Spot in B 606

I

Bells were pealing faintly, somewhere in the distance, when B 606 was released from the punishment cells. Somewhere there was merriment and chiming of bells—but not in the great grim walls of the English prison; not in the grim, hardened heart of convict B 606.

B 606, for the six days just past, had been on bread and water in one of the punishment cells. He had been violent, and abusive to one of the warders. B 606 was a “tough ’un.” In Portland prison no one was more closely watched in all the sullen, gray-coat ranks.

II

“Merry Christmas,” someone chanted in his ears as he shuffled into line with his mates on the parade ground. A loud laugh followed, as if it were a good joke to be merry at Christmas in Portland prison. But the man—he was still a man—with the round badge marked with “B 606” on his gray jacket started discernibly at the sound of the two words in his ear. Under the hard mask of his sullen face something like pain worked dimly. When had he heard those two words before? Who had said them in his ear?

III

“Front rank, two paces to left—march!” The governor of the prison strode about, giving low-voiced orders to the guards. His keen, shaven face was softened a little by the Christmas “peace, good will” that had crept into it. He laughed out cheerily, now and then, and spoke a kind word to some numbered convict in the lines. At sight of B 606 the stern lines tightened about his lips again. The Christmas look vanished. “Keep a lookout, Charley,” he muttered to the nearest warder. “He’s a slippery one—there’s blood in his eye to-day. No knowing how he’ll celebrate Christmas!”

“He’s lunny,” growled the warder, surlily. “’Twon’t noways inconvenience me w’en he slings his hook. They ain’t no soft spot in ’im.”

“Well, keep a lookout a while longer, Charley. Watch out sharp. He’ll be out in a matter of six months now.”

IV

What’s six months’ time to nine years and a half? But B 606 felt no exultation. He had long since

ceased to tell off the months on his fingers. It did not matter one way or another that he was almost "out." The old despair and numbness in his heart had deadened hope long since.

The day lagged on inside the walls of Portland prison. Outside it was merry Christmas, and the people made merry among their own. In the afternoon the chief warder approached the convict in the blue cap with the number B 606 on his jacket, with a message from the governor. He was wanted at the receiving office.

B 606 strode along beside the warder indifferently. It did not occur to him to wonder at the unusual summons. It could only mean some fresh punishment—it didn't matter. But they had arrived at the receiving office. A little child was standing there beside a calm-faced Sister of Charity. The convict stared at them both in dull wonder. But at the sound of the child's voice he started violently.

V

"Merry Christmas, daddy!" it said shyly in his ear. The slender little figure crossed to him and slipped a small brown hand into his hand. "Won't you say 'Merry Christmas' back, daddy? It was such a piece of work to get here. I guess you'd never think how hard it was to get an order to come! It was the Sister who did it. You see, she promised mother to bring me. Mother's dead."

For a moment it was silent in the dismal room. The governor turned away to gaze out of the window, and the warder's rough face softened. Then the childish voice began again:

"She tried to wait, daddy—guess you'd never

think how hard she tried! But when she knew she couldn't, she got everything ready for you, and told me to wait instead. I'm waiting now, daddy—it's lonesome—you'd never think how lonesome it is! But I keep counting the days off. Every night I cross one out. Daddy, 'spose you know—there's only a hundred an' eighty-seven left. There won't be but a hundred an' eighty-six to-night, after I've crossed out. Mother always kept count—my, there used to be thousands of days once! You can begin to expect when there's only a hundred an' eight-six. When it's only one day left—my, think of that, daddy! Mother used to. An' I know just what I'm going to do, then—just exactly, Mother an' I used to practice together, I guess you'd never guess how many times. She told me just how I was to tidy up the kitchen an' put the kettle all ready to boil, and be sure to remember the chair you always liked to sit in—an' the g'ranium. Oh, daddy, mother and I used to hope so it would be in bloom that day! An' the supper—mother showed me how to make muffins, you know, an' broil the steak an' set the cups an' plates on tidy. There wasn't anything mother didn't show me about, when she found she couldn't wait. She said for me to put on her white apron an' stretch up tall, an' smile. I guess you'd never think how much we practiced. The last time mother cried a little, but that was because she was so tired. I cried, too. It was that night mother died. I—it's very lonesome now, daddy, but I'm waiting. You'll come right home, won't you, daddy? That was why she wanted the Sister to bring me—to make sure."

The great hard fingers had closed around the small brown ones.

The tears were trailing over the rough cheeks of B 606. The Sister's calm face was broken into lines of weeping.

"I'm 'most twelve now, daddy. You mustn't mind how little I am—I can stretch up tall! An' you'll laugh to see how I can keep house for you. There's a woman on the third floor helps me when I forget how mother said to do. I've got a hundred and eighty-six days more to practice in, daddy. Daddy, won't you say 'Merry Christmas' "?

If he said it no one heard but the child. He caught her to him and buried his face in her soft hair. The sound of his sobbing seemed to fill the room.

VI

The new year came and grew on familiar terms with the world. Spring crept into the lanes and turned them green, and even the files of gray-coated convicts at their quarrying drew in the warm sweet breaths and, in their way, rejoiced. The heart of one of them lightened within him as day followed day. On the walls of his cell he crossed off each one as it passed, and counted eagerly those that were left. They grew very few.

He "practiced" the home-going over and over, alone in his cell. It kept him happy and softened the fierce, angry light in his eyes. He grew peaceable and quiet among his mates. The warders talked of it in amazement.

One summer day B 606 "went out." Across the strip of sea a child was waiting for him. The room was tidied and the kettle put on to boil, and in the sunny window the geranium was all in bloom. A new life had begun, and the prison shackles fell

away from him. He was no longer B 606. He was a man among men, and a child's faith and love strengthened him.—*Annie Hamilton Donnell.*

LESSON-TALK

This beautiful story of the Christmastide will be sure to appeal to any audience. It will be found simple of delivery but very effective.

I

Begin slowly in a natural, conversational voice. Bring out the emphatic words that serve to establish the scene. Color the adjectives like "great" and "grim," conveying the idea of the dismalness of the great prison.

The voice takes on a new pitch as you begin the second paragraph. Let the word action become a trifle more rapid. Of course, there is no attempt at gesture.

II

Give the words "Merry Christmas," mockingly. Color the word "shuffled." Emphasize "good joke." Give "merry at Christmas in Portland prison" sarcastically.

Change the manner quickly on the next sentence, "But the man," etc. Carry hand to opposite shoulder to indicate badge. Color the word "started" and give a little quick movement of the body. Emphasize "when" and "who" of the last two sentences of this paragraph. Wrinkle brow in the effort of trying to recall where he had heard these words. Cast the eyes floorward, also.

III

Do not come out of last position too quickly. Give the order in sharp, decisive tones, head held high. Body straight. Soften to a conversational tone with next line. Bring out the adjectives in the description that follows.

Turn head a little to right as you speak for the governor. The tones are low and in a monotone. Point over left with a quick gesture on "He's a slippery one." Emphasize "he'll."

Speak to the left for the warders reply. This answer comes in gruff tones. Speak with earnestness on "ain't no soft spot."

Again, speak to the right for the governor. Bring out "six months."

IV

This paragraph is simply rendered. Lay left hand on heart as you speak of the "numbness in his heart."

Color "lagged on," by prolonging the words. Give value to "outside." In the last line of this paragraph, emphasize "wanted" and "receiving office." The next paragraph offers nothing unusual for consideration. Carry out the idea of "started violently."

V

Imitate the high, childish tones for the child. Look up as you speak for her as she would look up into her father's face. Point to the left as you speak of the Sister. Emphasize "mother." Pause before you say "mother's dead," and give it in a different tone.

Be careful to keep the childish tones all through the child's speech. Sigh heavily on "it's lonesome."

Give "one hundred and eighty-seven" joyfully. On "stretch up tall" draw shoulders up, as though trying to increase height. Put entreaty into "you'll come right home," also into the "Daddy, won't you say 'Merry Christmas'?"

Give value to "if" in the next paragraph. On "caught her to him" fold one arm over the other across chest, then drop head on chest on "buried his face."

VI

Take a step forward and let the voice be calm, natural and conversational. Draw in a deep breath on "drew in the warm, sweet breaths."

Let the hand sweep forward, palm down, on "across the sea." On "prison shackles fell away" carry both hands a little out from side and let them descend. Hold head high on "Man among men." Let hand rest outspread on chest on "faith and love," holding it there to end of recitation—*Grace B. Faxon.*

Songs

Song of the Christmas Greens

Tune: "Jingle Bells"

The birds and flowers are gone,
And we are left alone;
They've left us in their place,
To guard their summer home.
Whatever folk may say,
The woods are not so drear;
Our colors, red and green,
Foretell the Christmas cheer.

Chorus—

Tra la la, here we are,
Winter's great delight,
Evergreens and holly, too,
With berries all so bright.
Tra la la, tra la la,
Nothing can us harm,
The frost, the snow, the wintry blast,
They give us no alarm.

The summer's scorching rays
Fill us with blighting fear;
We love the wintry days,
We're thankful now they're here.
So come, Jack Frost, and tell
The joys you'll bring once more;

The bright December days,
For us you have in store.

Chorus—

Rah! rah! rah! Oh, how fine
The frosty air does seem!
It never hurts us—not one bit —
Our leaves are always green.
Rah! rah! rah! Oh, how fine
The frosty air does seem!
It never hurts us—not one bit—
Our leaves are always green.

Sing a Song of Christmas

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia"

Sing a song of Christmas time and all the joys it
brings,
Games and toys and candy bags and yards of pop-
corn strings,
Santa Claus and Christmas trees and other jolly
things,
Oh, welcome, Merry Christmas!

Chorus—

Hurrah! hurrah! The Christmas Day is here!
Hurrah! hurrah! The time of jolly cheer!
Christmas is the nicest day of all the happy year,
Oh, welcome, Merry Christmas!

Sing a song of Santa Claus a-sailing through the air,
With his team of tiny deer and hosts of presents rare;
He scatters Christmas pleasures for the children
everywhere,

Oh, welcome, Merry Christmas!

—Chorus

Many, many years ago, a little baby lay
 In a stable with the sheep, his bed upon the hay,
 And angels hovered near the earth that first glad
 Christmas day,

Oh, welcome, Merry Christmas! —Chorus

Out upon the lonely hill some shepherds watched by
 night,
 And as they lay upon the ground they saw a won-
 drous sight,

There came upon them from the skies a host of
 angels bright,

Oh, welcome, Merry Christmas! —Chorus

“Be not afraid,” the angels sang, “good news to you
 we bring,

Of peace on earth, good will to men; let men and
 angels sing”;

And so o’er all the world to-night the Christmas bells
 shall ring,

Oh, welcome, Merry Christmas! —Chorus

Star So Bright

Motion Song—Tune: “Sweet and Low”

Star (1) so bright,

Star so bright,

Over the desert sands,

Star so bright,

Star so bright,

Over the desert sands;

Brighter (2) than lamps of the star or the moon,

Brighter than morning or burst of the noon,

Shine (3) o’er the Child divine.

Star (4) so beautiful, star so beautiful, shine.

Star (5) so bright,
 Star so bright,
 Shepherds (6) are hastening on;
 Hark (7) bright wings,
 Angels sing,
 Judah's dark night is gone.
 Brighter (8) than lamps of the star or the moon,
 Brighter than morning or burst of the noon
 Shine (9) o'er the Child divine.
 Star (10) so beautiful, star so beautiful, shine.

MOTIONS

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 1 Point up. | 6 Point to right. |
| 2 Hold up right hand representing lamp. | 7 Flutter hands. |
| 3 Look down to right. | 8 Same as 2. |
| 4 Same as 1. | 9 Same as 3. |
| 5 Same as 1. | 10 Same as 4. |

Alice J. Cleator.

'Tis Christmas

Tune: "My Bonnie"

'Tis Christmas all over the country,
 'Tis Christmas far out on the sea,
 The glorious, glorious Christmas,
 Most happy for you and for me.

Chorus—

Christmas, Christmas!
 Happy for you and for me,
 Christmas, Christmas!
 Happy for you and for me.

And now with our evergreen twining,
 We come to the gay Christmas tree—
 And we lay down our garland beside it,
 How happy, how happy are we!

Stockings Stout

Motion Song—Tune: "Lightly Row"

Stockings stout,
Get them out,
They'll be needed now, no doubt.
Hang them so, (1)
In a row
While the wild winds blow.
Santa (2) Claus is on the track,
With his jolly grips and packs,
Stockings stout,
Get them out,
With a merry shout.

Look (3) to see
If there be
Any holes, one, two or three.
'Twould not do,
You would rue
If a gift slipped through. (4)
Any size or color's right —
Three or ten, or black or white,
Stockings stout,
Get them out,
With a merry shout.

Christmas night
There's no sight
Quite so happy or so bright,
In a row (5)
Stockings so,
Bulging top to toe.
Dear kind Santa, may we find
Gladness (6) too from being kind;

May (7) each day
 On Life's way,
 Seem a Christmas Day.

MOTIONS

- 1 Right forearm hangs down, representing stocking.
- 2 Outward motion.
- 3 Motion as if looking at stockings.
- 4 Point downward.
- 5 Same as 1.
- 6 Hands to heart.
- 7 Outward motion.

Alice J. Cleator.

Christmas Bells

Tune: "Hold the Fort"

Loud the Christmas bells are ringing,
 And the drifting snow
 Lies in wreaths of pearly whiteness
 O'er the world below.

Chorus—

Heard ye not the wondrous story,
 Told of One on High?
 One whose coming, One whose glory
 Nevermore shall die.

Ring, ye bells, from out the steeple,
 Sound a joyous lay;
 Telling unto all the people,
 "Christ is born to-day."

—Chorus

Far away in Bethlehem, watching
 O'er a manger low,
 Angels chanted sweet the tidings
 In the "Long Ago."

—Chorus

Christmas brings a flood of gladness,
So rejoice who may
In His love, whose birth hath given
This glad Christmas day. —Chorus

Christmas Day

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland"

We sing to-day of Christmas cheer,
Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day;
The gladdest day of all the year,
Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day.
To-day for absent ones we yearn,
To-day for them the Yule-logs burn,
And oft the wanderers homeward turn,
For Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day.

On Christmas Day the feast is spread,
Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day;
And let the hungry then be fed,
On Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day,
Then pile the shelves with goodies high,
For Christmas Day is drawing nigh,
Bring in glad cheer, turn out the sigh,
For Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day.

And give a thought to Him whose birth,
On Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day,
Brought happiness and love to earth,
On Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day.
Then happiness at Christmastide,
And many more glad things beside,
Oh, let us scatter far and wide,
On Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day.

Minnie A. Leigh.

The Festive Time

Tune: "When He Cometh to Make Up His Jewels"

It is coming! it is coming!
 With smiles and with singing;
 We will hail it, we will hail it,
 The bright Christmas Day.
 It will bring to us treasures,
 And many sweet pleasures;
 With glad smiles and bright faces,
 We'll go on our way.

In the dawning, in the dawning,
 The first Christmas morning;
 Our dear Saviour who so loves us,
 Was born far away;
 When the daylight is breaking,
 And the bells are all chiming,
 We'll sing our gay carols
 This glad Christmas Day.

Christmas Lullaby

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland"

Sleep, little children, well to-night,
 Then lullaby, yes, lullaby.
 The stars above are watching bright,
 Then lullaby, yes, lullaby.
 Santa will come with reindeer fleet,
 Now lullaby, yes, lullaby.
 Throughout the night, sleep long, sleep sweet,
 Now lullaby, yes, lullaby.

Acrostics

Santa Claus

For ten children holding up letters to spell the words SANTA CLAUS.

Someone came down our chimney, oh!
And he wore fur from top to toe!
Never a sound was heard on the roof,
Though the reindeer stamped each tiny hoof.
And Santa filled our stockings, you know!

Crowded them full from top to toe!
Look at the beautiful Christmas tree!
And all the presents for you and me!
Up the chimney he scampered, ho! ho!
Suppose you ask who it was, do you know?

ALL—Santa Claus!

C Stands for Christmas Cheer

For nine children.

C stands for all good Christmas cheer;
H for the Homes to us children so dear.
R is for Roads where sleigh bells now ring;
I for the Ice on pond and spring.
S is for Santa, beloved by all;
T for the Toys that come at his call.
M is for Mothers who will e'er our hearts fill;
A for the Angels of peace and good will.
S stands for Sweetness of rare Christmas time.
ALL—The kind that we wish you in this rhyme.

Annie Winfrey Meek.

Christmas Bells

Draw a pattern of a bell, and let each child taking part in this exercise cut his own bell from red bristol board and paste on it a green letter.

- C** is for Christ-child. The day of His birth
Is kept as a holiday o'er the whole earth.
- H** is for Heralds that sang in the morn
And told the glad tidings that Jesus was born.
- R** is Redeemer. He's knocking to-day
At the door of your heart. Turn Him not away.
- I** is the Inn where, crowded for space,
For Joseph and Mary they hadn't a place.
- S** is the Star, the Bethlehem star,
That guided the Wise Men who journeyed from
far.
- T** is for Tidings. We'll gladly proclaim
The story of Him who is always the same.
- M** is for Men—three Wise Men, I'm sure,
Who followed the star, in its leading secure.
- A** is for Angels—the Heavenly train
That frightened the shepherds on Judea's plain.
- S** is for Shepherds that watched o'er the sheep
And through the long night their vigil did keep.
- B** is for Bethlehem—town of small worth
Until it was honored by our Savior's birth.
- E** is Emmanuel. Wonderful name!
Let all His goodness and mercy proclaim.
- L** is for Life everlasting, my friend;
Will you accept of this life without end?
- L** is for Love—the love that He gave
While we were yet sinners, our poor souls to save.
- S** is for Savior. He still 'lives to-day
And makes intercession for us when we pray.

Nellie York Spangler.

Merry Christmas

For fourteen children.

M for the Music, merry and clear;
E for the Eve, the crown of the year;
R for the Romping of bright girls and boys;
R for the Reindeer that bring them the toys;
Y for the Yule Log, softly aglow.

C for the Cold of the sky and the snow;
H for the Hearth where they hang up the hose;
R for the Reel which the old folks propose;
I for the Icicles seen through the pane;
S for the Sleigh Bells, with tinkling refrain;
T for the Tree with gifts all abloom;
M for the Mistletoe hung in the room;
A for the Anthems we all love to hear;
S for Saint Nicholas, joy of the year.

M is for Music

M is for Music, full of glad hopes,
E is for Evergreen wreaths and ropes,
R is for Red, the berries' bright hue,
R is for Right that we must do,
Y is for Yule-log, burned by a few.

C is for Candles, little and tall,
H is for Holly, to hang on the wall,
R is for Raisins, big and small,
I is for Ice Cream, best of all.
S is for Santa, children's delight,
T is for Tree, pretty and bright,
M is for Merry, that we must be,
A is for Apples to hang on the tree,
S is for Secrets we won't tell.

Maud Schorer.

Christ Came to Bethlehem

For nine children.

Christ came to Bethlehem one starry night
 And since has been our guiding star and light,
 Healing all the sick and blind and sad—
 A cure for every heartache Jesus had.
 Remember that he taught us how to live,
 To others love and kindly how to give.
 I'll try in days of sadness or of cheer
 To do as He would have me and not fear.
 Sin goes away when Christ doth send the light
 And all our gloomy days change into bright.
 The Christmas Bells across the hills do ring
 And happy children carols sweet shall sing.
 May I at this glad season then rejoice,
 And raise in happy thankfulness my voice.
 An angel sang to tell us of our King.
 With songs to Him we'll make the whole world
 ring.
 So say we "Peace on earth, good will to men"—
 And now farewell till Christmas comes again.
Fay Christ.

A December Spelling Lesson

For nine children holding up letters to spell the word
 CHRISTMAS.

ALL—

The nicest word there is to spell
 Is just the one we mean to tell;
 The nicest day of all the year
 Is this one we will show you here.
 (*Each in turn, holding up letter.*)

C H R I S T M A S

ALL—Christmas!

Bertha E. Bush.

Drills and Dances

Christmas Puddings Dance

This Christmas dance may be given by either eight or sixteen girls. Each girl is dressed in a brown cambric Mother-Hubbard, gathered to a band of cambric around the knee, and finished below the band with two little white cambric scalloped ruffles, to represent the trimming of paper ruffles ornamenting a real plum pudding. White ruffles about neck and edges of short-puffed sleeves. They wear brown caps—made like a dusting cap, with ruffles of white about the face. Sprig of holly and a few loops of red ribbon on top of caps; same on shoulders, and on one side of skirt ruffle. Each girl may carry a big wooden spoon tied about her wrist with a red ribbon, which she can carry in her hand or let hang free, as she chooses.

Pianist plays something in 4-4 time, bright and quick, e. g. "Jingle Bells." Children enter by couples, with reel step; that is, running three steps in each measure, giving a slight spring on first step. In order, the steps are: right, left, right, for first measure; left, right, left, for second measure. Form in two parallel lines, facing each other, hands on hips.

PART I

MEASURE 1. On first beat, hop on left foot, touching right toe at side. On third beat, hop on left foot, touching right heel at side.

MEASURE 2. Hop on right foot and touch left toe and heel, as in Measure 1.

MEASURES 3-8. Repeat Measures 1-2 three times.

MEASURE 9. On first beat, step forward on right foot. On third beat, stamp forward with left foot, bringing heels together.

MEASURE 10. On first beat, step backward on left foot. On third beat, stamp backward with left foot, heels together.

MEASURES 11-12. Repeat Measures 9-10.

MEASURE 13. With three reel steps partners change places, passing on right. Face center on fourth count.

MEASURE 14. Curtsey for four counts.

MEASURES 15-16. Repeat Measures 13-14, returning to former places.

MEASURES 17-32. Repeat from beginning.

PART II

MEASURES 1-4. On first beat of Measure 1, all clap hands and take schottish step toward each other, stamping on first step. On next three measures, hook right arms and turn about in place with three schottish steps, stamping on first step in each measure.

MEASURES 5-8. About face, hook left arms and repeat Measures 1-4.

MEASURES 9-12. Girl on right side in head couple takes four schottish steps backward, partner following with forward steps. Same for third couple. Girl on left in second and fourth couples moves backward, followed by partner moving forward.

MEASURES 13-16. Reverse directions, moving back to original positions in line.

MEASURES 17-32. Repeat from beginning.

PART III

Lines telescope by twos, thus: Head couple steps back between second couple as second couple moves a step forward. Third couple steps backward as fourth moves forward. Halt in double columns, facing each other. Those in inner ranks place hands on hips, those in outer ranks place hands on shoulders of one in front. Take this position while pianist strikes a chord or two, preliminary to commencing music for Part III.

MEASURE 1. Those in rear ranks bend their heads to left, playing "peek-a-boo" with the players in opposite rear rank,—their original partners. Repeat at right. (*This makes two head moves to the measure.*)

MEASURE 2. On first count, peep left. On second count, peep right. On third count, peep left. On fourth count, peep right.

MEASURES 3-4. Repeat Measures 1-2.

MEASURES 5-6. All clap hands sharply on first beat of fifth measure, and those who have been playing peek-a-boo run forward to left of their front neighbors, grasp hands with those from opposite columns,—their original partners,—and swing around.

MEASURES 7-8. All clap hands, and those in inner rank dance with those who have been standing behind them, finishing in double ranks once more, but with those who first stood behind now in front, and those who stood with hands on hips in front row now standing behind with hands on shoulders of the one in front.

MEASURES 9-15. Repeat Measures 1-8, at close of which those outside and inside have again changed places.

MEASURES 17-32. Repeat Measures 1-16.

PART IV

Keep same formation as in Part III, but those on inside turn back to back. For this part pianist may play "Mrs. McLeod's Reel," or some similar dance tune, while each group of four dance "The Reel of Four," as follows:

MEASURES 1-8. Girl at outside on right weaves a figure 8 around the other three, using the reel step: right foot, left foot, right foot, pause: left foot, right foot, left foot, pause, as described for entering. She dances between inside two who are standing back to back, around behind outside girl at left, back again between inner two, and into place. In the meantime, those standing still are dancing the setting step, thus: On first beat of first measure, step forward on right foot with a little spring of the knees, raising left foot behind. On second beat, swing left leg around in front of right, toe pointed downward. On third beat, set left foot in front of the right and raise right foot behind. On fourth beat, set right foot to floor and raise left one in front. Repeat on second measure, with left foot leading. Alternate these two for the eight measures.

MEASURES 9-16. Outside girl on left weaves figure 8 around the other three, as outside girl on right has done, others dancing setting step.

MEASURES 17-24. Inside girl on right weaves figure 8 around the other three. She first runs around behind the outside girl she has been facing, then behind other inside girl, then behind outside girl at left, and thence back home.

MEASURES 25-32. Inside girl on left weaves figure 8.

PART V

On preliminary chord, all move by partners into original formation of two parallel lines, as for Part I. Pianist plays any music in 4-4 time. Schumann's "Happy Peasant" is good, or "Jingle Bells" may be repeated.

MEASURE 1. On first beat, all hop on right foot, at same time tapping toe of left foot to floor. Hold for second beat. On third beat, hop again on right foot, at same time setting left heel to floor. Hold for fourth beat.

MEASURE 2. Repeat Measure 1, with left foot hopping.

MEASURES 3-4. Repeat Measures 1-2.

MEASURES 5-8. Repeat Measures 1-4.

MEASURE 9. On first beat, all step forward with right foot. On third beat, set left foot beside right with a forcible stamp.

MEASURE 10. On first beat, step backward with right foot. On third beat, set left foot beside right with forcible stamp.

MEASURES 11-12. Starting with right foot, cross over to opposite side with six running reel steps. In changing places, dancers pass back to back with one standing opposite. First three steps are forward, last three are making a half turn.

MEASURES 13-16. Repeat Measures 9-12. At close of Measure 16, dancers are back at starting point in line.

MEASURES 17-32. Repeat Measures 1-16.

(Exit by couples, dancing reel step as in entering.)

Harriette Wilbur.

Christmas Bell Drill

For twelve or any even number of girls.

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

White dresses, stockings and slippers, red sashes if desired. For small children, long empire gowns of white cheesecloth are attractive. The semi-hoops are of heavy wire, twelve inches in length. They are wound with dark green cambric fastened firmly, and three small red Christmas bells are hung on the inside, equal distances apart. To hold in place tie the bells to hoops with a narrow red ribbon or green cord.

MUSIC

Phonograph Record—Laughing Water (rate needle between 60 and 70). Piano (preferable)—Any two-step or waltz with marked accent—moderate tempo.

DRILL

All circling must be done with small toe steps and fairylike movements.

1. March or dance, heel and toe step in double line, carrying hoops on left shoulders, around stage once and a half to rear center, raise hoops over heads and march down center to position. First couple stops at front center—couples two and four side-step to left, three and five to right. Two and three occupy front corners of stage, four and five behind two and three, but nearer center line of stage. Sixth couple remains at back center directly behind first couple.

2. When all are in proper positions, hoops above heads, partners side-step far enough to right and left to allow each girl to make a small circle and return to place.

3. Right partner of each group circles to right,

faces toward rear of stage, and places side of semi-hoop against partner's. The couples circle around twice, right partner turns to left and back in position.

4. Couples two, three and six stand still, facing front of stage, one, five and four circle to join these, making three groups of four. First couple joins second, fifth third, fourth sixth, alternates facing rear of stage, all holding hoops above heads in a straight line, making four loops in each group. Couples one and two, also three and five, turn to outer edge of stage and circle. Four and six circle at rear center. Repeat. When starting point is reached the second time, couples one, five and four side-step and circle back to original position. The opening and closing of this figure, in groups of four, is very effective.

5. Sixth couple turns to left, faces toward outer edge of stage, side-steps in straight line to middle of stage; fourth faces toward back of stage and side-steps to center; fifth faces front and sidesteps to center; second couple, with separate circling steps, joins sixth at rear of stage, facing the same way as sixth; first circles to fourth, facing toward rear, third with fifth facing front. The semi-hoops held above heads make two straight lines and the whole forms one large wheel of three spokes, meeting in center of stage. The girls in center move slowly and the outer ones rapidly in order to keep the spokes in straight lines and the lines even distances apart. The wheel circles twice, then moves more slowly, as each couple nears its original position, flies off from main wheel and circles to place. Partners keep close together until all are in proper order again. The girls in center of wheel must be careful to keep the wheel moving around a central point, otherwise the wheel will revolve to one side of

stage. Center might be marked in some way, if desired.

6. Couples one and six remain in position at front center and rear center; the remaining couples side-step in numerical order to center, making double line ready to march. One line turns to right, other to left; form single circles on each side of stage. They circle twice, first time with semi-hoops high over heads, the second time with hoops held to center. Leaders meet at center of stage and march to front; others fall in behind in double line.

7. March one line to left, other to right, across front to sides, up sides to rear corners of stage, then diagonally across to opposite front corners, lines crossing in center. Turn to sides, up sides to rear, and cross diagonally to front corners again. March to rear corners and across rear to back center, partners meeting at rear center, and down middle of stage in couples. Numbers one and six stop at original positions, front center and rear center; the others side-step into former places.

ATTITUDES

1. Semi-hoops over heads, framing faces.
2. "Secrets"—heads together; hoops bent forward on each side, screening faces.
3. Semi-hoops thrown over and back of heads—laughing attitude.
4. Semi-hoops bent away to right and left—pouting.
5. Peek-a-boo—touch top of hoops and look through them—smiling.
6. Swinging or swaying of bells—join little fingers and sway semi-hoops back and forth right and left in

unison. Gives appearance of ringing Christmas bells.

7. Kneeling—left child of each couple slowly sinks to a kneeling position, drops hoop in lap; right steps, rises on toes, steps, and so continues until she reaches back of kneeling figure, then frames partner's head with hoop.

8. Swinging or swaying bells, same as six.

Leaving stage use a waltz step or 1—2—3 step and hop. Sixth couple turns, faces exit, and dances out, followed by five, four, three, two, one. Leaders circle with light airy movements to exit, turn, curtsy, and run off.

Ethel M. Hall.

Star Drill

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

A five-pointed star is drawn upon the stage for the children to march by. The five girls are costumed in full dresses of white cheesecloth trimmed with gold paper stars. If the star can be made sufficiently large, ten girls may take part. If used in a patriotic program the dresses could be of colored bunting.

Enter from the right side, tripping gayly to a quick march around the star once.

Each stop on a point, turn around and trip in reverse order about the star twice, halting at own place.

Each step to next inner corner on the right and march about the pentagon thus formed. Halt, turn and march around twice to the left.

March about once to the right, holding hands to a common center (or pointed toward the center if they cannot reach it).

Halt each on a point, so the smaller girls are to the front and take up drill:

DRILL

1. Left foot forward, left arm curved gracefully upward, right arm at side.
2. Position.
3. Reverse 1, right foot forward, etc.
4. Head tilted to left, arms arched over it.
5. Same, head to right.
6. Bow head, hands on hips.
7. Throw head backwards, look through fists, held one in front of other as a telescope.
8. Bend body to left, left arm curved upward.
9. Position.
10. Same as 8 but to the right.
11. Arms out straight from body at sides.
12. Twist trunk to right.
13. Return to front, keeping arms up.
14. Twist to left.
15. Position.
16. Sway arms up and down, standing on tiptoes.
17. Hop one step to right. Repeat twice.
18. Hop three steps to left, returning to place.
19. Arms held out straight at sides from shoulders.
20. Whirl on left foot.
21. Running in place, with hands touching in front of waist.
22. Halt, throwing arms outward, holding position, standing on but one foot.
23. Hands on hips, take a long step to the left as though falling.
24. Position.
25. Fall to the right.

March around twice, stopping so that two singers are at the front. They sing any appropriate song about stars, others pantomiming it, or helping to sing the chorus, as desired.

March about star once, halting when one girl is on the point nearest front. While the music is played very softly, she recites a short poem about stars.

March around again, stopping so another may give a short recitation.

Facing center, hold hands to form a five-pointed star.

(The next may be omitted if the star is so large the children cannot reach across it.)

March about once with tiny steps. Halt.

With right hand pointing to center of star, step inward, and raise self on toes.

Position.

With left hand pointing outward, step outward on toes.

Run around once. On reaching own place clap, turn about, run around again.

Run to back of stage, and form a line.

Bow low and run off.

Marie Hoge.

Exercises

Our Christmas Bells

An exercise for three little girls carrying small Christmas bells.

ALL—

The Christmas bells chime sweetly
O'er all the earth again;
They tell a glorious story
Of peace, good will to men.
Listen, and we will tell you
The words our small bells say,
For each one brings a message
This happy Christmas Day.

FIRST—

My little bell says "Joy, joy, joy";
For every little girl and boy
Knows that in Bethlehem this morn
The Savior of the world was born.

SECOND—

My little bell says "Peace, peace, peace";
And may that message never cease
To spread around the world, and tell
How Jesus came on earth to dwell.

THIRD—

My little bell says "Love, love, love";
For Christ came down from heaven above
To teach us gentle words to say
And kind deeds do from day to day.

ALL—

The tidings "Joy, and Peace, and Love"
 Are sounding everywhere,
 Rung by the bells of Christmas
 Upon the frosty air;
 For in the Bethlehem stable
 Was cradled Heaven's king,
 And round the world is spread the news
 The bells of Christmas bring.

Nellie T. Burleson.

Hark! Is Santa Claus Coming?

For any number of children.

Listen! Is Santa Claus coming?

(Children bend forward, one hand on ear as if listening.)

No, he doesn't come humming,

(Step back, looking disappointed, shaking head.)

But quiet and nice,
 As a couple of mice.

(Point to floor where mice might be playing.)

See! Can that be his light?

(Step forward quickly, pointing out of the window.)

No, it's just the moonlight.

(Step back, look disappointed, shake head and point to moon.)

Brother says, just to taunt us,
 That there are no Santas.

(Turn to each other, shaking fingers.)

Oh, dear! Maybe it's true.

(Wring hands.)

I don't believe it; do you?

(Turn to each other, shaking fingers.)

Hark! Is that his sleigh?

(Step forward quickly, hand to ear, listening.)

No! It's gone off that way.

(Step back, shaking head and pointing in different direction.)

Let's each hang a stocking,

(Beckon to each other, run forward quickly and pretend to pin up stockings.)

And stop all our talking,

And be just as quiet,

As if Santa were by it.

(Fingers on lips, tiptoeing back.)

See! Are those his reindeer?

(Step forward quickly, pointing excitedly out of window.)

No. They're not coming here.

(Step back, look disappointed, and shake heads.)

Oh, won't it be fun

If the boys get a gun?

Oh, won't it be jolly

If the girls get a dolly?

(Clap hands lightly, dancing up and down.)

Come, let's get to sleeping;

He won't find us peeping.

(Beckon each other; movement as if slipping away.)

See! There's his sleigh!

Come, hurry away!

(Step forward quickly, pointing excitedly out of window, then running lightly back to places.)

E. Blanche Burkett.

Christmas Arithmetic

For four children, each carrying a large card on which is an arithmetical sign. Each holds the card up as he speaks.

FIRST CHILD (*holding up +*)—

This is the sign of addition,
The only sign some children know,
Add all you can get to the things that you have!
It is piggish, I think, to do so.

SECOND CHILD (*holding up—*)—

This is the sign of subtraction;
From your own toys just take some away
For some poor little child. It will make him so glad
To share in the bright Christmas day.

FIRST AND SECOND (*together*)—

And you'll really be doing addition;
For you'll add to your own Christmas joy,
And add to the glad ones around you
Another small girlie or boy.

THIRD CHILD (*holding up \times*)—

This sign means multiplication;
If each would remember just one,
There'd be just twice as many glad children
To share in the joy and the fun.

FOURTH CHILD (*holding up \div*)—

This is the sign of division;
Divide with one poorer than you.
Ask him to come over and share in your tree,
That would be such a nice thing to do.

THIRD AND FOURTH (*together*)—

And 'twill really be multiplication;
Your joys will all be multiplied
If you share your good times and your presents,—
Oh, won't you this Christmas divide?

ALL—

Let us all do some Christmas arithmetic
 By the Golden Rule of Three;
 There'll be you, and the other, and there, though
 unseen,
 The Christ Child most surely will be.

Elizabeth F. Guptill.

The Message of the Candles

Groups of three or more children are preferable to one child. They are dressed to represent candles. The costumes are easy to make. Take two strips of cheesecloth cut long enough to escape the floor and sew up on both sides like a pillow case. This is slipped over the child's head, and tied around the neck. The caps are of orange crepe paper, cone-shaped, with a few touches of red at the top, to imitate flame.

ALL—

Little candles bright are we
 Sparkling on the Christmas tree;
 Children raise a happy shout
 When our little lights shine out;
 Dance and sing and laugh with glee,
 When we twinkle on the tree.

FIRST GROUP—

White the light of Christmas peace—
 In its rays all quarrels cease.

SECOND GROUP—

Red our candles glow with love,
 Sent at Christmas from above.

THIRD GROUP—

Christmas hope is ever seen
 When burn bright our candles green.

FOURTH GROUP—

Truth, the thought we bring to you
 In the light of candles blue.

FIFTH GROUP—

Warmth and light and Christmas cheer
In our yellow flames appear.

ALL—

Shining on the Christmas tree,
Happy thoughts we bring to thee;
Ever may our memory throw
O'er the path on which you go
Light, by which the Christmas cheer
May be yours throughout the year.

Helen Louise Sherwood.

A Christmas Letter

Six girls are seated facing six boys. Girls have pads and pencils.

GIRLS—

- (1) We're writing a letter to Santa
- (2) My, it's a hard thing to do!
- (3) We want heaps of toys and a dolly,
- (4) A great —— big —— dolly! Don't you?

BOYS—

- (5) Aw! 'course we don't want any dolly;
- (6) Pooh! What is a dolly to us?
- (7) You girls make us weary and tired,
- (8) You whine and you cry and you fuss.

GIRLS—

- (9) Well, Mother told us that dear Santa
- (10) Is watching sharp 'round Christmas Day;
- (11) If you're mean, and make fun of us girls,
- (12) He'll hear every word that you say!

BOYS—

- (13) Oh! we're never mean, never naughty,
- (14) We never tease girls or chase cats,

(15) We're always polite and forgiving—

(16) To ladies we take off our hats.

GIRLS—

(17) Well, we must go on with our letters,

(18) We can't stop to bother with you;

(19) We want doll carriages, trunks and jump-ropes,

(20) Dolls' beds and dresses of blue.

BOYS—

(21) Say! maybe we'd better write Santa

(22) We only want kites, tops and skates,

(23) Bobsleds, knives, books and candy,

(24) Games, drums, guns, tanks and tin snakes.

GIRLS—

(25) O-o-o-h! You'd better hurry and write him;

(26) He knows what you want very well,

(27) But he has to read all your letters

(28) To see if you know how to spell.

BOYS—

(29) Spell? We can beat girls out in spelling;

(30) *You* always spell "cat" with a "k";

(31) We'll write a nice letter to Santa,

(32) And the postman will take it away.

ACTIONS

(1) Girls with pencils poised, ready to write.

(3) Emphasize "heaps."

(4) Show size of doll (much exaggerated).

(5) Boys sit back disgustedly, hands in pockets. Heads turned away.

(6-7) Speak emphatically.

(8) Imitate whining tone.

(9-10) Girls point right index finger at boys. Shake heads.

(13) Boys shake heads, denying accusation.

(16) Pretend to take off caps.

(17) Girls start writing again.

(18) Look up at boys.

(19-20) Slowly and as if thinking very hard, emphasizing each word.

(21) Boys straighten up and turn, talking to each other enthusiastically.

(22-24) Count things wanted on the fingers.

(25) Drawl out the "O-o-o-h!"

(29) "Spell?" (*Surprise!*) Point at girls.

(30) Emphasize "you." Make letter "k" with finger in the air.

(31) Feel in pockets for paper and pencils.

(32) Boys take out pads and pencils from beneath coats and begin to write letters.

At the end—all quietly writing.

Nellie F. Shaw.

The Christmas Message

An exercise for six speakers.

FIRST—

What is the message of the bells
That on the air so sweetly chime?

SECOND—

To all the world their clarion tells
It is the joyous Christmas time.

THIRD—

What is the message of the star
That gleams so bright in heaven's blue?

FOURTH—

Its glorious radiance gently says
That Christ is born for me and you.

FIFTH—

What is the message of the wind,
That whistles o'er the wooded hill?

SIXTH—

It brings from far away the word
Of "Peace on earth, to men good will."

ALL—

The bells, the star, the wind, all say
That Christ was born on Christmas Day.
Open your hearts at His behest,
And welcome Him, the kingly Guest.

Last Year's Dollies

For seven little girls.

FIRST—

I am so glad that Christmas Day
Is drawing very near;
I wonder what dear Santa Claus
Will give to me this year.

Last year I had a pretty doll;
I left her out one day,
And in the night somebody came
And carried her away.

SECOND—

I had a pretty dolly, too,
Her name was Claribel;
Last summer, out on Grandpa's farm,
I dropped her down the well.

THIRD (*carrying a forlorn old doll*)—

My dolly had the prettiest curls!—
Red cheeks and eyes so blue!—
And then she had a coat and hat
And dresses, all made new!

Look at her now! I washed her face
And washed off all the red!
One arm is lost! And both her eyes
Have gone back in her head!

FOURTH—

I didn't like my doll a bit,
It was so very small,
So when they sent the mission box
Away out West this fall,
I gave my dolly. It would please
A *little* girl, you see,

And I hope Santa Claus will bring
A larger one to me.

FIFTH—

Dolly and I went out to coast,
To try my bright new sled;
We ran into the fence and broke
A great hole in her head.

SIXTH (*older child*)—

Perhaps if Santa Claus could know
The sad fate of each doll,
He would decide this Christmas time
To bring you none at all.

SEVENTH—

No dollies! Not a single one!
Oh, we would miss them so!
I'm sure we would take care of them—
We're older now, you know.

I hope he'll try us just once more,
And we will let him see,
Through all the year, how very good
And careful we can be.

Tillie C. Jeroleman.

Christmas in Many Lands

Let each child have banner or flag representing the countries, or dress in costume.

I. GERMANY

Germany gives us the Christmas tree.

They tell of a little child

Who came to a poor man's cottage

Once when the night was wild;

The children cared for the stranger,

It was Christ! And He blessed the tree—

“It shall bloom each year in remembrance,—
Ye have done it unto Me.”

II. AUSTRIA

In Austria, across the ocean,
When Christmas Eve comes round,
In every window through the land
A candle bright is found—
'Tis placed to guide the Christ Child,
Whose little feet draw near
To bless the children watching
This glad night of the year.

III. HOLLAND

If I had been born in Holland
My stockings I'd never choose;
But ready for good old Santa Claus
I'd place my two wooden shoes.

IV. FRANCE

In sunny France a child in white
With a basket of toys on Christmas night
Goes to each door with presents for all
The children good, both great and small.
Just after her comes—whom can it be—
With a bundle of switches, don't you see?
Those for the children who are “bad,”
Don't you know they are sorry and sad?

V. NORWAY

A quaint and beautiful custom
They tell us of far Norway.
There all the cattle and all the birds
Can keep the Christmas Day.

The cattle have dinners they like the best,
And every farmer takes pains,
On housetops and barns, for hungry birds,
To place the choicest grains.

VI. SPAIN

In Spain they have mirth and feasting—
With cheer the whole land rings;
They celebrate with pomp each year
The festival of The Three Kings.
They form a long procession
And march through every street,
And give a Christmas greeting
To every one they meet.

VII. RUSSIA

I sing of cold, cold Russia,
And how the children each year
Place bundles of hay by the fireside,
To feed Kris Kringle's reindeer.

VIII. ENGLAND

Mother England, dear old England,
How keeps she Christmastide?
With wassail bowl and wild boar's head
And the Yule log brought with pride—
And under the windows the carols are sung,
The churches are decked with green,
And slyly twining the chandelier
The mistletoe is seen.

IX. AMERICA

Last on the list of nations,
No legends have I like the rest,
But I gather from every country
The customs that suit me best.

No wonder my Christmas is merry
 And the land is filled with glee,
 For every nation under the sun
 Has given a share to me! *Lester Hannal.*

Pantomime of Luther's Cradle Hymn

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR PANTOMIME

For this pantomime six children are required, two singers and four to act as candle bearers. They should be arranged in the manner shown in the diagram below.

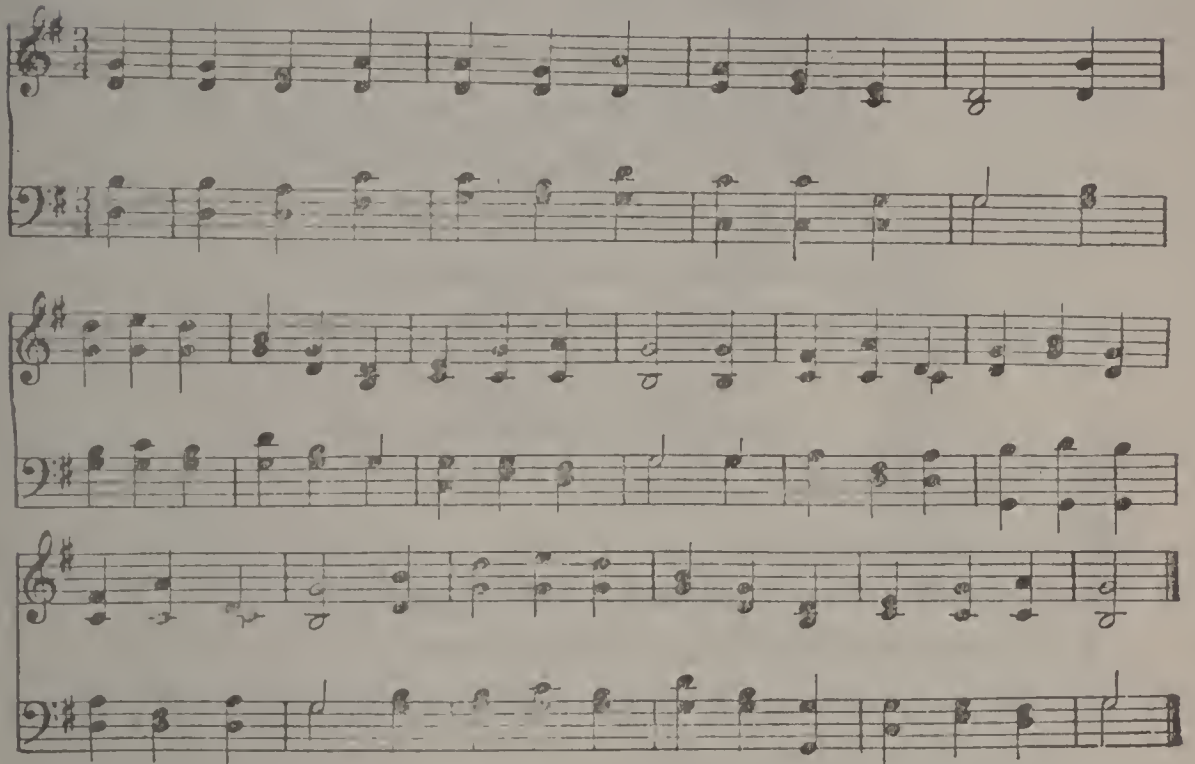


The two in the rear stand and hold red candles, while the two in front are seated and hold white candles. The manger, which may be simply an ordinary clothes basket set on a box covered with a sheet, is placed in the center. On either side of the manger stand the singers.

All the children should wear white. Boys taking any of the parts may be wrapped in sheets; girls wear nightgowns and arrange hair in flowing style. The singers should wear silver (tin foil) crowns.

If the children cannot be arranged before the curtain is drawn, they may march with lighted candles to their places, two by two,—first the boy and girl who go to the farther side and then the second couple of candle-bearers, followed by the singers. Darken the room and use only the candle light. Soft instrumental music played throughout will add to the effectiveness of the piece.

LUTHER'S CRADLE HYMN



Away in a manger,¹
No crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the heavens²
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep³ in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,⁴
The poor baby wakes,⁵
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.
I love Thee,⁶ Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,⁷
And stay by my cradle
To watch lullaby.

Be near me,⁸ Lord Jesus,
 I ask Thee to stay
 Close by me forever,⁹
 And love me, I pray;
 Bless¹⁰ all the dear children
 In Thy tender care,
 And take us to heaven¹¹
 To live with Thee there.

GESTURES

1. Stand behind manger.
2. Look upward.
3. Lower eyes, looking into manger.
4. Move to either end of manger.
5. Throw one arm over back of manger and gaze intently downward.
6. Face the front, hands crossed on breast, eyes raised.
7. Raise arms high in attitude of supplication.
8. Kneel on left knee, bow head, clasp hands.
9. Move together in front of manger, eyes raised.
10. Extend arms in prayerful attitude.
11. Kneel on both knees, palms together, and arms half raised, head up. *Edith Morton.*

Christmas Candles

An exercise for five children, each holding a lighted candle aloft.

FIRST—

Each little child should ever be
 Like candles shining bright,
 That lend their cheer to Christmastide
 In mellow, glowing light.

SECOND—

The Christmas candle sheds its glow
Within a circle clear;
I'll share my joy and happiness
With everyone that's near.

THIRD—

The Christmas candle will consume
The dross to ashes gray;
I hope to banish every frown
On Merry Christmas Day.

FOURTH—

Though many winds may chance to blow,
The candle rights itself, you know,
So I will be most good and kind—
No evil thought shall come to mind.

FIFTH—

Then like a candle in a tree
Or on the window sill,
Each Christmas child should lend a share
Of Peace and of Good Will.

Annie Winfrey Meek.

Christmas Wishes

For ten pupils.

ALL—

Christmas is coming, it's almost here,
The happiest time of all the year!
Let's have a game,
And tell in a rhyme
What we'd like to be
This Christmas time.

FIRST PUPIL—

I'd like to be a robin gay,
Singing a carol on Christmas Day.

SECOND PUPIL—

I'd like to be Santa's reindeer fleet,
Bringing the toys for the children's treat.

THIRD PUPIL—

I'd like to be a Christmas star,
Looking down from the sky so far.

FOURTH PUPIL—

I'd like to be Santa Claus, for fun—
Such a lot of toys I'd give each one.

FIFTH PUPIL—

I'd like to be a Christmas tree,
Laden with toys for you and me.

SIXTH PUPIL—

I'd like to be a Christmas bell,
Ringing so clear o'er hill and dell.

SEVENTH PUPIL—

I'd like to be a Christmas sledge,
Filled with toys right up to the edge.

EIGHTH PUPIL—

I'd like to be a cracker bright,
Going off with a bang on Christmas night.

NINTH PUPIL—

I'd like to be a candle fine,
On the Christmas tree I'd proudly shine.

TENTH PUPIL—

I'd like to be a holly tree,
Covered with berries—a joy to see!

ALL—

For the last wish of all
We join hands and say
We hope you will have
A glad Christmas Day.

Plays and Dialogues

Darning the Christmas Stocking

Two boys come forward, each with a stocking that has a large hole in the heel. The stocking is stretched over a darning form, and each darns as he talks. Great difficulty should be experienced in the darning, and the more awkward the boys are the better.

STEVE—

You know, we'll have to hurry, Joe,
If we've got these awful holes to sew.

JOE—

Yes—it'll take all Christmas Eve,
To get *this* stocking ready, Steve,
To hold the candy, cakes, and toys—
Gee! Darning was never meant for boys!
(*Pretends to have stuck needle in finger.*)

STEVE—

You bet it wasn't—(*Having difficulty with his thread*) What a miserable mess—
It's because we don't know how, I guess.

JOE—

You bet it is—if Mom were here,
She'd darn them for us—never fear.

STEVE—

I asked Sis to sew it up for me,
But would she do it? No siree!

JOE—

So did I, but she said: "Young man,
Go sew that hole the best you can."

(Both sew silently for a moment, getting things in a worse and worse mess.)

STEVE *(after breaking his thread)*—

Oh, gee! I can't fix this thing—

What do you reckon he's going to bring?

JOE *(pulling out his darning form and disgustedly sticking his hand through the hole)*—

Just anything, I'm telling you,

If put in this stocking, will fall through.

JOE *(measuring his hole ruefully)*—

Yes, I believe just what you say,

But we'll never get these darned to-day!

STEVE *(eyeing his stocking with frowning brow)*—

Say, Joe, I know the very thing—

Hand me some of your strongest string.

JOE *(pulls out a wad of string from his pocket, and takes a strand from it and hands it to Steve. Steve proceeds to tie up the bottom part of his stocking, then continues.)*—

Just tie this bottom part up tight,

Then give me a pencil and we will write

A letter to Santa to let him know

Where the rest of our gifts will have to go.

JOE—

Here *(hands him a pencil)*—but wait till I'm through,

Then I'll help you write it too.

(After holes in stockings are tied up to their satisfaction, he continues, and as he talks Steve gets out a piece of paper, and with the pencil Joe has given him starts to write.)

Now—suppose you write this note for each:

“We hang these stockings within your reach.

Please fill them up from top to toe,

And if the space is small—you know
We would like to have some more—
You can put things on the floor;
But be sure to label what you leave.
Mark it either 'Joe' or 'Steve.' ”

(Breaks off and Steve looks up and stops writing.)

STEVE—

That I think will surely do,
But there's one thing I'm telling you,
The stockings Mother mends, you know,
Must be *awful* hard to sew!

Harriet Catherine Evans.

A Miracle Play of the Nativity

Miracle or Mystery Plays were performed often in the Middle Ages by the monks and priests, as a method of teaching the history and legends of the Bible to the common people, who, of course, could not read. The plays were first given in the churches and monasteries, but later they were performed in the streets or in a large field where thousands of people might congregate. There was no curtain or scenery, and only the most necessary stage settings. These stage settings were brought in and arranged by the actors in full view of the audience, and sometimes the lack of appropriate scenery made it necessary for the spectators to use a great deal of imagination in order to get the drift of the play being presented.

These plays, however, were very popular, but by and by the actors began to corrupt them with jests and vulgarities, so that, finally, the Church forbade their being presented. The Passion Play, given every ten years at Oberammergau, Bavaria, was almost the only one allowed to remain.

The following play based upon the episodes surrounding the birth of Christ is very easy to arrange. No scenery is required. A chorus is needed to sing the carols that accompany the scenes. If the play is given by a school, pupils not taking character parts may sing the carols, sitting in their regular seats, while the characters use the front of the room for a stage. If a special chorus is arranged, let them sit at left or right on floor beneath stage, making their entrance in processional, singing, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

If possible, let the other characters first make their entrance from the rear. They must move very, very slowly, since solemnity is the keynote of the whole play, and undue haste will mar it. Let them use the catch step employed usually in the wedding march—namely, put the left foot forward and bring the right up to it, then the right foot forward, bringing the left up to it, etc. This insures slowness.

The costumes are traditional and can easily be copied from prints of old paintings, both in color and design. Their expense may be determined by the producer.

The music is known to everybody. The carols are as follows:—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear; O Little Town of Bethlehem; Holy Night; The First Nowell; We Three Kings of Orient Are; Holy, Holy, Holy; Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful.

Though simple and easily arranged, this Miracle Play is very impressive. If children play the parts, first impress upon them the value of the particular character they represent and drill them to act and feel as that character would if given life. As there are no lines to memorize, very few rehearsals are needed to give a satisfactory performance.

CHARACTERS

MARY	FIVE SHEPHERDS
JOSEPH	THREE WISE MEN
THE INNKEEPER	SIX ANGELS

Processional: "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

SCENE I—THE INN AT BETHLEHEM

Enter Mary and Joseph. Mary, with bowed head, leans on Joseph's arm. They march to the center of stage, stop, and Joseph, leaving Mary, moves to left exit, where he raps with his staff upon the door. A man appears and Joseph, pointing within the open door, evidently asks for shelter. The man shakes his head in the negative. Joseph turns and points to Mary. The man shakes his head again. Joseph returns to Mary, takes her arm and they start off towards right. The innkeeper goes after them, stops them, and points to the left corner of stage, supposedly at the stable. Joseph shakes his head emphatically, but Mary touches him and nods assent. He then nods in the affirmative to the innkeeper, and they march off in the direction of the stable, the innkeeper leading the way.

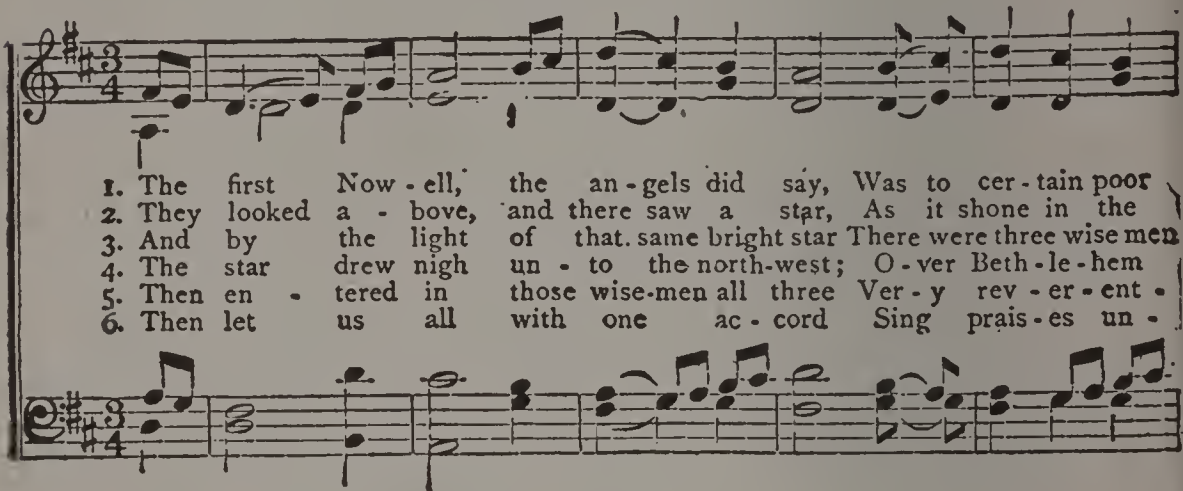
SCENE II—THE HOLY NIGHT

Chorus: "Holy Night, Peaceful Night."

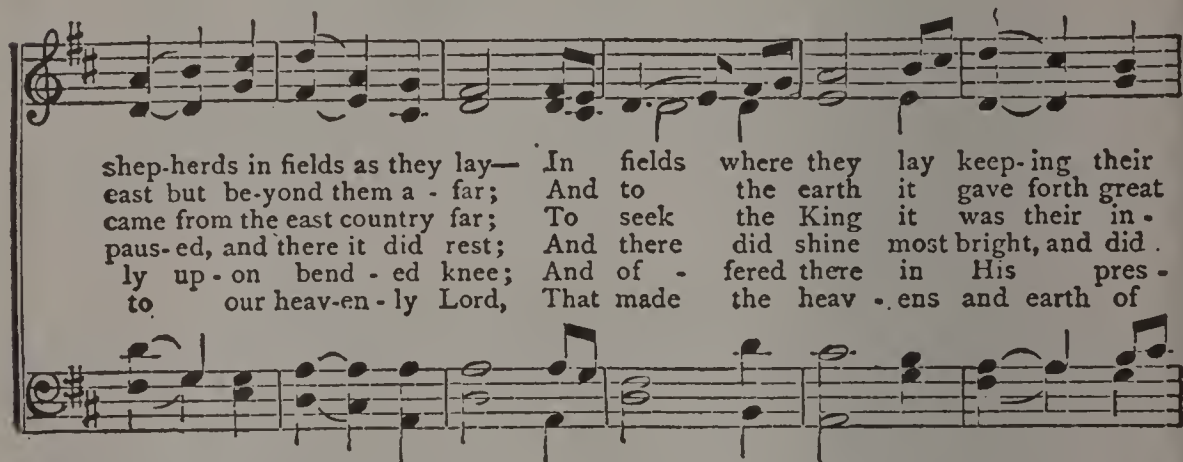
Six angels enter down center aisle. When they reach the stage they separate, three going to right and three to left. They stand for a moment with hands crossed on breasts and heads bowed, then the two angels nearest the left exit go out and return with a rude cradle which they place in the center of stage. They then resume their places. Mary and Joseph now enter from rear. Mary goes to cradle and bends over it. Joseph stands above her, also looking at cradle. Mary turns back coverlet and snaps on a flash light

that has been arranged, presumably behind the Child's head. This sheds a bright light, imitating a halo. The angels sink to their knees as she does this. Then Mary takes up the baby (a doll) and with Joseph moves behind the scenes. The angels rise and file out at left and right exits. The last two leaving stage take crib with them.

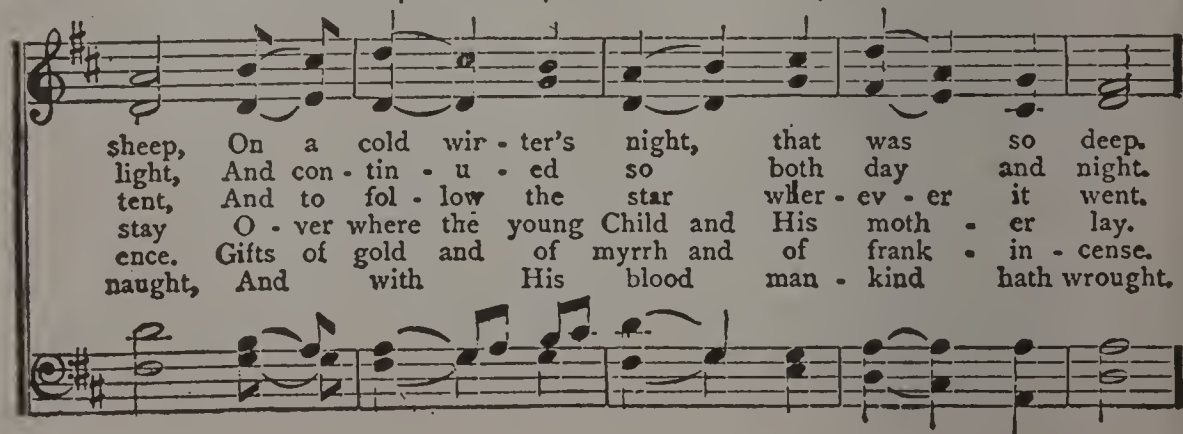
THE FIRST NOWELL



1. The first Now - ell, the an - gels did say, Was to cer - tain poor
 2. They looked a - bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the
 3. And by the light of that same bright star There were three wise men
 4. The star drew nigh un - to the north - west; O - ver Beth - le - hem
 5. Then en - tered in those wise - men all three Ver - y rev - er - ent -
 6. Then let us all with one ac - cord Sing prais - es un -



shep - herds in fields as they lay - In fields where they lay keep - ing their
 east but be - yond them a - far; And to the earth it gave forth great
 came from the east country far; To seek the King it was their in -
 paus - ed, and there it did rest; And there did shine most bright, and did
 ly up - on bend - ed knee; And of - fered there in His pres -
 to our heav - en - ly Lord, That made the heav - ens and earth of



sheep, On a cold wir - ter's night, that was so deep,
 light, And con - tin - u - ed so both day and night.
 tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.
 stay O - ver where the young Child and His moth - er lay.
 ence. Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frank - in - cense.
 naught, And with His blood man - kind hath wrought,

CHORUS

Now - ell,..... Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell,

Born is the King.... of Is - ra - el.

SCENE III—THE SHEPHERDS

Chorus: "The First Nowell."

The five shepherds make their entrance through center aisle. When they reach the stage they throw themselves down to sleep. Suddenly one of them starts up. A large star is here illuminated in a conspicuous place, best at right of stage. The shepherd arouses his neighbor and points to star. All the shepherds arise and look at it. Suddenly the angels appear from right exit. One angel points to right exit. The shepherds file out singly, pointing to star. They are going in search of the Child.

SCENE IV—THE THREE WISE MEN

Chorus: "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

Enter the first Wise Man down center aisle. In middle of stage he stops, faces audience, and, shading his eyes with his hand, peers anxiously to right and left and before him, evidently looking for somebody. The second Wise Man appears down center aisle. He is greeted by the first Wise Man with uplifted hand and

bowed head. He returns the salutation with low bow, arms crossed on breast. Then the two look anxiously to right and left and before them. The third Wise Man enters down center aisle. He greets the others with bowed head and low bow, and they return the salutation with upraised hand and bent head. They then turn facing the star and, each pointing with his left hand towards it, file out singly.

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

1st K. We three kings of O - rient are, Bear - ing gifts, we tra - verse far,
 2d K. Born a babe on Beth'lem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain;
 3d K. Frank - in - cense my of - fer - ing; Cost - ly myrrh the gift I bring;

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - lowing yon - der star.
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er His all - glo - rious reign.
 Pray'r and prais - ing, all now rais - ing, Wor - shipping God on high.

CHORUS
 O! star of won - der, star of might, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright;

West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to the per - fect light.

SCENE V—THE ADORATION OF THE CHILD

Chorus: "Holy, Holy, Holy."

The angels enter, three from right and three from left wing. After a moment's pause the two who previously did this service go to wings, bring in crib again, and place it in the middle of stage. They return to their places. The angels keep same position, hands crossed on breasts and heads bowed, as in previous scene. Mary and Joseph now enter. Mary places the Child in crib. One of the angels goes to rear and brings a chair for her. She sits at head of crib. Joseph stands behind her. She uncovers the head of the Child, snapping on lighted halo. Angels kneel. From the left come the five shepherds in single file. They march about crib, gazing at the baby. They group themselves at right. Enter the three Wise Men from the right. They group themselves at foot of cradle and present their gifts. Joseph solemnly takes them, one at a time, and carries them to rear, behind scenes. When he returns, Mary rises and takes Child from crib. The Wise Men, angels, shepherds, and choir rise.

Recessional: "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful."

The choir begins to sing. Mary, with the Child, and Joseph proceed slowly off stage and down center aisle, followed by the Wise Men, shepherds, angels, and inn-keeper. The choir sings continuously and follows behind the characters, two by two. *Alice N. Lewis.*

A Plan That Failed

CHARACTERS

JACK LEE, a boy of seven.

SANTA CLAUS, a boy of eight.

SCENE—*Jack is seated on an ottoman pulling off stockings. He is dressed in gown and cap ready for bed. A small bed is at the back of stage.*

JACK—

Whoever saw such slim legs as these!
 Here's a hole in one toe and look at the knees;
 Such a lot of things I expect Santa to bring;
 These socks are too small for anything.
 A pair of skates, a football suit,
 A knife like Ned's—oh say, it's a beaut!
 A book or so, and a nice little gun,
 A truly watch that will really run,
 Some nuts and apples and lots of candy,
 Such stuff as that is always handy.
 Such legs as these must cause lots of worry
 For poor Kris Kringle when he's in a hurry.
 Why, those golf socks of Tom's (He's my cousin)
 Are ten times bigger'n these, or a dozen.
 I b'lieve one would reach clear down to the floor,
 And I know it would hold a bushel or more.
 Why, gee whiz! I'll tell you what 'tis,
 Why couldn't I borrow that old one of his!
 It's of no use to him, at any rate,
 He can't wear it; he's lost the mate,
 And then old Santa would think it was mine.

(Goes out and returns with very big stocking in gay colors, which he pins up near the front of the stage.)

My, how it looms up! What a dandy!
 It'll hold everything and a peck of candy.
 Hark! Isn't that Santa? That's surely his sled,
 Guess I'd better hop, real spry, into bed.

(Gets into bed and kicks a few times, then lies still and begins to snore softly at first, then quite loudly. A noise is heard outside. Enter Santa, choking.)

SANTA—

It's enough to make a goblin sneeze,
These stove-pipes are such a killing squeeze.

(Drops pack.)

Ah, the days of my youth I remember with pain,
I never shall see such chimneys again;
They built them so low and so thick and so wide,
No trouble at all down one to slide,
But now I must struggle and twist and squirm,
And force myself through like an angleworm.
Ah, then I was fat and hearty and round,
And weighed, I should say, nigh three hundred
pound,
But now, just look, 'tis easy to see,
What a wreck these improvements have made of me.
In trying to squeeze through without making a
noise,
I've kept reducing my avoirdupois,
Till I've so little left of frame and muscle,
That lifting my pack is quite a tussle.
And I've seen the time when a single toy
Would drive a child nearly wild with joy.
But now, if I bring less than seven or eight
They think that theirs is a joyless fate.
Then the elbows and dampers, too,
And a horrible stove for me to crawl through,
Such a trial to me. If good folks only knew,
In pity they'd build an old-fashioned flue.
My friends have oft urged me this business to leave,
But think how the dear little children would grieve
If Santa should fail them some sad Christmas Eve;
I never could bear the dark desolation
That would fall on the wee ones all over creation.
That reminds me, I must make haste;

If I get clear round there's no time to waste.
 Let's see, this is the home of Jack Lee, I believe,
 I've some very fine gimcracks at this place to leave.

(Takes out Jack's bundle.)

Some new fangled skates and a football suit,
 This dangerous gun for him to shoot,
 A truly watch that will really go,
 A ten-bladed knife and a book or so,
 Candy enough to cause much woe.
 This is his bedroom, too, I see,—
 Now where can that boy's stocking be?
 There's only that one hanging there.

(Goes up and examines stocking.)

It belongs to a giant, I declare.
 It surely can't be that this one I see
 Is the one that is worn by little Jack Lee.
 But since there's no other it really must be.
 I never expected to find such a stocking!
 The way these boys grow is certainly shocking.
 Why, a fellow who wears such a stocking as this
 Won't care for little boys' things, I wis.
 A boy of seven would have thought them a prize,

(Searches in pack.)

But they're no good at all for a chap of this size.
 I'll put them all into my pack again,
 And find something else, more adapted to men.

(Puts cup, razor, and book in stocking.)

Here's a mustache cup, a razor, too,
 A small dictionary, and that must do.
 It looks pretty lank, but then, oh my,
 I never could fill it, it's no use to try.
 But I'll just pin a note here to Jack to say:

(Writes, reads and pins note on stocking.)

“If you keep on growing this wonderful way,

Next year I shall find you toothless and gray;
Your stocking won't need to be so big,
I'll bring you false teeth and a wig."

(Puts Jack's things back into pack.)

Now I must go, and oh, how I dread
The toilsome climb to my team and sled.
How much it would add to St. Nicholas' joys
If chimneys would grow as fast as boys. *(Exits.)*

(Jack wakes up, rubs eyes and looks about.)

JACK—

Hello! Hurrah! 'Tis morning, I see,

(Goes to stocking.)

I wonder what Kris Kringle left for me.
This leg, I think, looks mighty thin;
Guess I'll take a peep within.

(Takes out cup.)

A horrible cup, for a mustache, too,
Guess I'll save it for a year or so;
A razor, that I can use at any rate,
Just the thing to carve fish-bait.

Here's a book—dictionary. Why, old St. Nick
Has played me just an awful trick;
There's not a thing I wanted at all,
Not a skate nor a knife, not even a ball.
Oh, here's a note pinned to the toe,
Santa left it for me, I know.

(Reads note aloud.)

It's all because of my wonderful plan,
St. Nicholas thinks I've grown a man;
I'll never get nice presents again,
Next year he'll bring me specs and cane.
Boo hoo! That's my pay for being a pig,
I'm 'fraid that stocking was 'most too big.

Luella M. Huff.

Mrs. Santa Comes Into Her Own

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS

BROWNIES (9)

MRS. SANTA

FAIRIES (4)

(In case there are not enough children available, two Brownie parts can be assigned to one child.)

SCENE—*Sitting room in Santa Claus's house. Left, Mrs. Santa seated in a low rocker; beside her a table strewn with dolls' sewing. Right, Santa's armchair with footstool before it. Telephone on right wall. Exits—Center: To Brownies' workshop; Left: to outside. Enter Santa Claus from outside. Takes his chair, uttering a grunt of satisfaction.*)

SANTA CLAUS—Whew! If there's a busier person this time of the year, I'd like to be introduced to him.

MRS. SANTA (*rising and making a low bow*)—Behold that person.

SANTA CLAUS—What? You?

MRS. SANTA—The very one.

SANTA CLAUS—Why, my dear, surely you can't be serious.

MRS. SANTA (*tersely, with a pin in mouth*)—Never was more so in my life.

SANTA CLAUS—But *what* do you do?

MRS. SANTA (*viciously snapping a thread*)—You mean, what do I *not* do?

SANTA CLAUS—You never have to leave the house. All you have to do is to oversee the Work Fairies and Brownies, and once in a while take a stitch yourself. That's all, isn't it?

MRS. SANTA (*grimly*)—Yes, that's *all*.

SANTA CLAUS—How would you like to change places with me; scurry around in all sorts of weather; hunt

up the good children; find out what they want and carry heavy packs, climbing over slippery roofs, squeezing down sooty chimneys? Why, your work's *play* beside it.

MRS. SANTA—I'll trade with you.

SANTA CLAUS—You mean—You mean—

MRS. SANTA (*slamming scissors down on the table*)—I take your place; you take mine.

SANTA CLAUS—My dear, you *couldn't* do my work.

MRS. SANTA—As well as you could mine.

SANTA CLAUS (*slapping his leg and bending over with laughter*)—That's the biggest joke of the season—you take my work—Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!

MRS. SANTA (*throwing down work, rising and placing hands upon hips*)—Well, I'm going to give you a chance to try mine. I am going for a ride; you can take charge of things here.

SANTA CLAUS (*mockingly*)—Certainly, my dear; easy things like that don't come my way often. I'm going to have a vacation, *I* am.

MRS. SANTA (*going toward the door*)—Well, make the most of it. I'll be gone all afternoon. (*Exits.*)

SANTA CLAUS—I'm afraid Mrs. Santa's getting nerves. A ride in the frosty air will chase away *her* little worries, and meantime, I'll settle down for a quiet nap. (*He leans back in the chair; puts his feet on the stool and spreads a handkerchief over his face.*)

(*Center door flies open and a Brownie rushes in, holding a finger of one hand in the other.*)

BROWNIE—Mrs. Santa—(*Stops when he finds her chair vacant—turns to Santa Claus.*) Where's Mrs. Santa?

SANTA CLAUS—Gone for a ride. I'm taking her place this afternoon. What can I do for you?

BROWNIE—I cut my finger on the jig saw—Can you tie it up?

SANTA CLAUS (*looking about in an uncertain manner*)—Sure thing—Let me see now. What—do—I do?

BROWNIE—You tear off a strip of white cloth—and wind it round and round—then tie it with a thread.

SANTA CLAUS (*feeling about in his pockets*)—White cloth—thread—(*Looks around and spies table.*) Oh yes, I see. (*Goes to table, takes up a piece of sewing material, tears off a strip, and goes toward the Brownie who is still standing in the middle of the floor.*) Now, let's have the finger. (*Brownie holds up finger, and Santa awkwardly winds the strip around it, making a very clumsy job of it.*) Now for the thread. (*Holding on to the finger, he leads the Brownie to the table and takes up a spool of thread, which drops to the floor as he unwinds it. He winds the thread about the finger until he has used a great deal, then clumsily ties it.*)

BROWNIE (*holding up finger and gazing at it dubiously*)—Thank you, Santa. (*Goes out center.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*re-seating himself*)—Well, that wasn't much of a job. Now for a nap. (*Spreads handkerchief over face, and leans back. Knock at the door.*)

SANTA CLAUS—Come in. (*Pause.*) Come in! (*Pause.*) COME IN! (*Pause.*) Well, whoever you are, you don't seem to understand English. (*Goes to door and flings it open. Brownie enters, looking about as though seeking someone.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*aside*)—One of those Dummy Brownies. (*To Brownie in a loud voice.*) Well, what can I do for you? (*Brownie points to table and looks about the room.*)

SANTA CLAUS—Oh, you mean Mrs. Santa. She's gone out riding. (*Brownie repeats action of inquiry.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*making a trumpet of his hands and shouting louder at Brownie*)—She's—gone—out—riding. (*Brownie still gazes uncertainly about and points to table.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*to himself*)—Doesn't seem to get me. Guess I'll have to use sign language. (*Points to table, then to door—straddles rocking chair—rocks violently, pretending to flourish whip and shake reins. Brownie continues to gaze on stupidly.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*to Brownie*)—Understand that? (*Brownie points to table.*) Guess I'll have to have help here. (*Takes a whistle from his pocket and blows a shrill blast, which brings a Brownie from the center door.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*pointing to Dummy*)—See if you can make out what this question mark wants.

(*Brownie, turning to Dummy, makes a sign by placing a hand to his ear. Dummy points to the table.*)

BROWNIE (*to Santa*)—He wants Mrs. Santa.

SANTA CLAUS—*I got that much. Tell him she's gone out riding.*

(*Brownie points to table, then to door leading outside—then gallops about the room. Dummy smiles, nodding his head, to show that he understands.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*to himself*)—Don't see that that's any improvement on my action. Mine was much more like riding. (*To Brownie.*) Can you find out what he wants of Mrs. Santa?

(*Brownie turns to Dummy and goes through the question performance. Dummy bends his knee, taps bottom of his foot, gallops a few steps and stops short.*)

BROWNIE—He says he was shoeing a reindeer.

(They turn again to Dummy, who gives three sharp kicks backward, points to his stomach, doubles up and falls to the floor.)

BROWNIE *(turning to Santa)*—The reindeer kicked him in the stomach and knocked him down.

SANTA CLAUS *(looking down at Dummy)*—Down—yes, I see he is down, but what has that to do with Mrs. Santa?

(Brownie continues question signs to Dummy. Dummy pats stomach, then imitates pouring something from a bottle to a spoon and pretends to swallow it—after which he rubs his stomach.)

BROWNIE *(to Santa)*—His stomach hurts and he wants something to make it better.

SANTA CLAUS *(putting his hand to his head as though thinking very hard)*—Something for stomach ache, let me think—Oh, I know, take him out and give him some paregoric. *(Brownie takes Dummy by the hand and runs out center with him.)*

SANTA CLAUS—Now that that moving picture stunt is over, I'll rest again. *(He seats himself as before. Telephone rings. He jumps up and takes down receiver.)* Hello!—Yes—This is Santa's house. Mrs. Santa has gone out riding—Can I take the message? What's that? No more material for the French dolls' dresses—Can't get them out for this year—What's that? What will you do? Why—ah—why—ah—*(Scratches his head with his free hand.)* Let—me—see—Oh! I've got it; send out Kewpies instead. *(Hangs up receiver.)* Got out of that easy. *(Goes toward chair, but before he can seat himself a Brownie rushes in, in great excitement, and looks anxiously around room.)*

BROWNIE—Mrs. Santa! (*Turns to Santa.*)
Where's Mrs. Santa?

SANTA CLAUS—Gone out riding. *Now what's up?*

BROWNIE—It isn't up, it's *down*.

SANTA CLAUS—Well—*what's down?* The high cost of living?

BROWNIE—No—the pipe of the workroom stove, and the room is full of smoke.

SANTA CLAUS—Well, why don't you put the pipe back?

BROWNIE—We can't. It's too high for us to reach.

SANTA CLAUS (*to himself*)—This looks like another job for me.

(*As Santa, followed by Brownie, goes toward center door, two Fairies rush in, both screaming excitedly, "Mrs. Santa! Mrs. Santa!" They stop short, look at the empty chair, turn to Santa and ask, "Where's Mrs. Santa?"*)

SANTA CLAUS—Gone out riding. Can I do anything for you?

FIRST FAIRY—Mrs. Santa told me to dress the Japanese doll and Midge thinks she has to help.

SECOND FAIRY—I only want to make a hat for it.

SANTA CLAUS—Wait until I come back. I have to set up that stovepipe. (*Santa and Brownie go out center.*)

SECOND FAIRY—I don't see why you can't let me make a hat for the Jap doll.

FIRST FAIRY—Because Jap ladies don't wear hats.

SECOND FAIRY—What *do* they wear on their heads?

FIRST FAIRY (*looking at picture which she carries in her hand*)—The picture just shows two big hat pins.

SECOND FAIRY—That shows that there should be a

hat. What's the use of hat pins, if you don't have a hat to pin on?

FIRST FAIRY (*looks puzzled*)—Well, we'll see what Mrs. Santa says. She always knows.

SECOND FAIRY—But she isn't here. Santa Claus will have to settle it.

FIRST FAIRY (*scornfully*)—Santa! What does a man know about ladies' hats?

(*Enter Santa. Wig awry; face, hands, and clothing daubed with soot.*)

SANTA CLAUS—Now—What's this about the Jap doll—she's lost her hat?

FIRST FAIRY—No, she hasn't had a hat.

SANTA CLAUS—Why don't you make her one?

SECOND FAIRY—That's just what I *want* to do.

SANTA CLAUS (*impatiently*)—She needs a hat. You want to make her one. What's all this rumpus about?

FIRST FAIRY—Jap ladies don't wear hats. Here is the picture Mrs. Santa gave me to go by. (*Santa takes the picture and studies it closely.*)

SANTA CLAUS—*This* lady doesn't seem to be wearing a hat, but perhaps she isn't dressed for the street.

SECOND FAIRY (*clapping her hands and jumping up and down*)—That's it! That's it! And she's stuck the hat pins in her hair, so as to have them handy when she wants to put on her hat. (*Turns to Santa.*) What kind of a hat shall I make for her?

SANTA CLAUS—Why—well—ah—let me see. (*Studies the picture.*) She'll need a big one to fit over all that hair. And you can put on some fur and lace—and ribbon and—wheat and—fruit and—a whole vegetable garden.

SECOND FAIRY—That's a good deal to put on one hat. Wouldn't it make it rather heavy?

FIRST FAIRY—I *told* you men didn't know anything about ladies' hats.

SANTA CLAUS (*sharply*)—What's that?

FIRST FAIRY (*a trifle embarrassed*)—It wouldn't be stylish to have so much on a hat.

SANTA CLAUS—Don't put anything on it then—I've seen them that way.

SECOND FAIRY—I could drape a veil over it. That would be pretty.

SANTA CLAUS (*waving his hand*)—All right—*Anything* goes with ladies' hats.

(*Fairies go toward center door, and almost bump into another fairy who rushes in crying, "Mrs. Santa! Mrs. Santa!"*)

SANTA CLAUS—Gone out riding. What do *you* want of her?

FAIRY—Tweedles has upset the glue pot.

SANTA CLAUS—Tell him to clean it up.

FAIRY—But we have no more glue to fasten on the dolls' wigs.

SANTA CLAUS (*scratching his head thoughtfully*)—Tie them on with a string.

FAIRY—But that wouldn't look right.

SANTA CLAUS—That's the way I put mine on. Nothing the matter with *it*, is there?

FAIRY (*looking at Santa's wig*)—I suppose it's all right for you, but—

SANTA CLAUS—Well, if it's good enough for me, it's good enough for dolls, so you tie 'em on. (*Exit Fairy.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*looking toward the chair*)—Wonder if I could make that chair before the next call? (*Enter Brownie, center, holding his hand over one eye.*)

BROWNIE—Mrs. Santa—

SANTA CLAUS (*wearily*)—Gone out riding. What's the matter with you?

BROWNIE—Something in my eye.

SANTA CLAUS—Keep your eye shut for a while, then blow your nose real hard—that'll fetch it.

BROWNIE—But I have been doing that for a long time, and it's still there.

SANTA CLAUS—How does Mrs. Santa get things out of eyes?

BROWNIE—I don't know; she just gets them out.

SANTA CLAUS—Open your eye and let me see it. Oh, I see it. I'll blow it out. (*Blows.*) Is it gone?

BROWNIE (*blinking eye very hard*)—No—it's still there.

SANTA CLAUS—Run out and bathe it in snow. I think that will fetch it. (*Brownie goes out, holding his hand over his eye. Telephone rings; at same time loud knocking is heard at the outer door.*) Well—I can't do two things at once, so I'll answer the phone first. (*Takes down receiver. Knocking continues. Speaks into receiver.*) Hello! (*Turns to door.*) Come in! (*To phone.*) You are in?—Who said you weren't?—(*To door.*) COME IN! (*To phone.*) You want to get out? Well, go out. (*Knocking continues. To door.*) Stop that knocking and come IN! (*To phone.*) You want Santa's house? Well—you've got it. Eh—What's that?—You're locked in the packing house—Who locked you in? All right. I'll send someone to let you out. (*Hangs up receiver and goes toward door, where knocking continues. Chorus from inner room, "Mrs. Santa! Mrs. Santa!"*)

SANTA CLAUS—Do I hear a familiar cry? (*Rushes to outer door and flings it open. Brownie enters with mail sack which he dumps on the floor.*)

BROWNIE—You had me locked out. (*From within*—“Mrs. Santa! Mrs. Santa!”)

SANTA CLAUS (*stamping back and forth*)—One’s locked *in*—another’s locked *out*—and (*pointing to room whence come cries for Mrs. Santa*) I wish the rest were locked *up*. (*Exit Brownie by outer door. Santa flings open center door, yelling*) What’s this racket about? (*Voices from within: “She did!” “She did not!” “She did, too!” “No, she didn’t!” Three Brownies carrying paint brushes run in.*)

SANTA CLAUS—What did she do?

FIRST BROWNIE—She said to paint the rocking horse red.

SECOND BROWNIE—No, blue.

THIRD BROWNIE—She said to use green paint.

SANTA CLAUS—A red horse—a blue horse—a green horse—

BROWNIES (*all together*)—That’s what Mrs. Santa said.

SANTA CLAUS—Well, Mrs. Santa isn’t here—so we’ll have a horse of another color—Go paint it black. (*Exit Brownies. Santa mops his face.*)

SANTA CLAUS—Now—I’ll get acquainted with that chair. (*From within—“Mrs. Santa, Mrs. Santa.” Door opens and Tinkle, one of the Fairies, ringing a small bell, skips in.*)

SANTA CLAUS—What do you want?

TINKLE (*continuing to ring her bell*)—Nothing.

SANTA CLAUS—What did you come in here for?

TINKLE—The other Fairies chased me.

SANTA CLAUS—Why did they chase you?

TINKLE—Because I was ringing my bell in their ears.

SANTA CLAUS—Is that all you have to do?

TINKLE (*impudently ringing her bell in Santa's ear*)—Yes. (*Santa reaches for her but Tinkle escapes, ringing her bell as she goes out center. Telephone rings.*)

SANTA CLAUS—I *thought* I missed something. That bell hasn't rung for ten whole seconds. (*Takes down receiver.*) Hello! What's that? You're not out yet? Out of *where*? Oh! I forgot. I'll send someone right out. (*Blows blast on his whistle. Brownie appears.*) Go out and unlock the packing room door. There's a Brownie locked in. (*Loud knocking at the door.*)

SANTA CLAUS—That's right—Keep it up—(*Phone rings. Santa rushes first toward the door, then toward the phone; finally makes a wild dash for the door and throws it open—admitting Mrs. Santa.*)

MRS. SANTA—I've had a lovely drive—Why, Nicholas! What is the matter with your face? (*With a sly smile.*) Have you had a quiet, restful afternoon, Nicholas?

SANTA CLAUS—Quiet? Restful? Well, time hasn't exactly hung heavy on my hands!

MRS. SANTA—Perhaps you would like to try it some morning. That is the *busy* time.

SANTA CLAUS—*Busy!* *BUSY!*—My dear, if six mornings can bring more work than I've had this afternoon, I'm willing to own that I am a mere loafer. I must see that you have more help.

MRS. SANTA—Oh, no, Nicholas, I don't need help—I just wanted to prove to you that I fill a useful place in the Christmas Scheme.

SANTA CLAUS—*Useful!*—Why, you're the whole thing. I merely deliver the goods. I think I'll go out and chop ice for a rest. (*Exits.*)

(Center door opens and a Brownie peeps in. Seeing Mrs. Santa he calls back to workroom, "Mrs. Santa's back! Mrs. Santa's back!" Brownies and Fairies crowd in, form a ring around Mrs. Santa and sing.)

The following lines can be set to the music and coupled with the action of some folk dance, or use the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

Mrs. Santa has returned,
Glad are we to greet her.
Good St. Nick her worth has learned,
With homage now he'll treat her.

She it is who is our guide,
All our problems solving.
Our many wants are ne'er denied,
Though all her time involving.

Dearest mistress of our tasks,
Our loyal service ever
Hastes to do the things she asks,
And we'll desert her never.

(Tableau.)

Clara L. Austin.

That Bag

CHARACTERS

MOTHER—In street costume.

MARGARET—Her daughter, in everyday dress.

MARGARET *(as doorbell rings)*—That must be the bag I bought for Mother's Christmas present. I'll go quickly before she hears. Then I can hide it. *(Goes to door. As she takes bundle, her mother appears at the other door.)*

MOTHER (*aside*)—That must be the bag I bought for Margaret's Christmas present. She has been asking me so much about bags that I got her one to-day. Now how can I get it away from her? (*Aloud*)—Dear, I'm going upstairs. I'll take that package up with me. It must be Father's shirt; I heard him say he was going to buy one to-day.

MARGARET (*hastily*)—Oh, no, Mother, never mind, I'll take it up. I know you're tired.

MOTHER (*desperately*)—Put it down a minute, dear. I—want—you to (*looks around as if for inspiration and spies her knitting*)—Will you put a sock on the needles for me? I'm going to make poor old Mr. Smith a pair for Christmas.

MARGARET—Yes, Mother. (*Holds package firmly under her arm while she takes up basket.*)—Why, Mother, you have a sock already commenced!

MOTHER—Yes, yes, I know. But I want another one on the other needles. (*Lamely*)—I like to work on one and then the other till I finish them both.

MARGARET (*wonderingly*)—I didn't know that. (*Puts bundle on floor under her chair while she begins casting on stitches for socks.*)

MOTHER (*draws her chair up close to Margaret and begins cautiously to reach down to bundle*)—Fifty stitches, you know, dear.

MARGARET (*who sees what her mother is trying to do—in consternation*)—See, Mother, am I doing it right? There, oh dear, how stupid of me! (*As she purposely drops yarn under chair, she pulls bundle away from her mother's side and continues casting on stitches.*)

MOTHER (*reaches for yarn on floor and pulls bundle by one corner towards her*)—I'll just take Father's

shirt up with me now while you finish casting on those stitches for me. I—want—to look out the window upstairs and—see if the postman is coming.

MARGARET (*aside*)—Mother seems possessed to have that bundle. I believe she suspects that it is her Christmas present. I didn't know she was so curious. (*Aloud*)—But why don't you look out of the window here?

MOTHER (*wildly*)—I don't want the neighbors to see me. (*Starts to leave with the bundle in her arms.*) (*Aside*)—I hope I can get away this time. I believe she suspects me.

MARGARET—Now, Mother, I'm through. Let me take it up for you. I'll look out for the postman, too. (*She runs up gaily and tries to take it from her mother's arms. In the struggle the package falls to the floor, comes open and shows a man's shirt.*)

MARGARET AND MOTHER (*as Margaret holds up shirt*)—Why it is Father's shirt! (*They look at each other and burst out laughing.*)

May L. Treadwell.

Their Christmas Gifts

CHARACTERS—Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their five children.

TIME—Christmas Eve.

SETTING—Sitting room or library of the Brown home.

VERA (*at table, pencil and paper in hand, very puzzled*)—Now what can I give Father and Mother for Christmas? There isn't a penny in my bank (*shakes empty bank*) and I've tried and tried to earn some. I wonder if any of the rest have thought of something nice to make. (*Goes to one side and calls.*) Harold,

Florence, all of you, come here quick! (*After a moment all come running.*)

HAROLD, CHARLEY, HATTIE, FLORENCE—What is it? What do you want?

VERA—Hattie, what are you going to give Mother for Christmas?

HATTIE—I don't know. The baby next door got that card I made at school and tore it.

HAROLD—I was going to give Father my candy pipe, but Charley traded me his whistle for it.

CHARLEY—Yes, and then I ate it up!

FLORENCE (*a very tiny girl*)—My best doll cracked her nose or I'd give her to Mother.

ALL THE OTHERS—Wouldn't that be a funny present?

VERA—Well, what are we going to do? Don't you know it's Christmas Eve? We ought to decide right away before they come back from town.

HATTIE—Oh, I've thought of something!

ALL THE OTHERS—What is it? Tell us quick. (*All whisper together.*)

CHARLEY—I know what I can do. I can—

ALL THE OTHERS—Hush! Keep still! etc.

HAROLD—That's just fine. Why didn't we think of it before?

VERA—Now let's write them down. Here's the envelope for Father's and this is for Mother's.

(*They tear paper into strips and all write busily for a few minutes. The children should be encouraged to be original and make this part of the act as natural as possible by adding actions of their own.*)

CHARLEY—I hear them coming; let's run! (*They hurriedly put slips in envelopes and run off stage.*)

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Brown with arms filled with packages.)

MR. BROWN—Hello! What's this? (*Picks up envelopes from the table and looks at them.*) Here's a letter for you, Bessie, and one for me, too.

MRS. BROWN—Oh, it's some of the children's work, I suppose. (*Opens and reads.*)

“Our Christmas present to Mother. We will wash the dishes every night.—Vera and Hattie.”

Why, those blessed children! Do open yours, John; there's something from each one, I do believe.

MR. BROWN (*reads*)—“I will feed the chickens every morning.—Harold.” “I will split the kindlings every night.—Charley.”

MRS. BROWN—Just listen to this: Charley says, “I'll be so good that you won't have to spank me for a whole month,” and Florence's present is a promise not to cry when I comb her hair.

MR. BROWN—What is Harold's?

MRS. BROWN—Oh, he says he will always keep the woodbox full of wood. Now what did the girls give you?

MR. BROWN—Well, Florence promises to feed her pet rabbit every day without being told, and Vera and Hattie are going to work together again. They are going to learn how to crochet and make me a pair of slippers. Whatever could have put this idea into the children's heads, anyway? Can you guess, Bessie?

MRS. BROWN—I'm sure I don't know, but they have discovered one thing, and that is that the true Christmas gift is one of love and not of money.

BOTH—Of all the Christmas gifts we have ever received or ever expect to receive these (*holding out slips*) are the best.

Edith E. Horton.

The Dolls' Farewell

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

SANTA CLAUS—Usual Santa Claus costume; Santa Claus mask.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—Long skirt; white apron; cap and kerchief; powdered hair; spectacles.

Girl Dolls:

FIRST DANCING DOLL	}	White starched dresses with different colored sashes; white baby caps with rosettes and streamers to match sashes.
SECOND DANCING DOLL		
CRYING DOLL		
TALKING DOLL		
SINGING DOLL		

Boy Dolls:

COWBOY—Khaki shirt and trousers; red bandanna around neck; broad-brimmed felt hat; belt with revolver.

SOLDIER DOLL—Soldier suit; drum.

SAILOR BOY—White middy suit.

COLONIAL DOLL—Knickerbockers; long-tailed coat with ruffles at neck and wrists; tri-corner hat; white stockings and black pumps.

INDIAN DOLL—Indian costume and headdress.

SCENE—*A room in Santa Claus's house. The dolls (boys and girls alternating) are standing in a row at the front of the room, except Arabella, the Singing Doll, who stands beside Mrs. Santa Claus's chair. Mrs. Santa Claus is rocking and sewing a rosette on Arabella's cap. Enter Santa Claus.*

SANTA CLAUS—Well, Mother Santa Claus, are the dolls almost ready?

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—I'm just putting the last stitch in Arabella's cap. The others are all ready. (*She*

points to dolls at front, then fits the cap on Arabella.)
There! Doesn't she look sweet? You must give her to a good little girl who will take care of her.

SANTA CLAUS—We're getting ready in good season this year. Here it is only the twenty-first of December and my toys are all in my pack.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—And the dolls can be packed to-night.

SANTA CLAUS—Suppose we try them now and see if they are all in working order. Then after dinner we can put them into their boxes.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—You wind them, Santa.

(She hands him a key and proceeds to dust dolls while Santa turns key at the back of each doll in turn and the doll performs. All movements are stiff and jerky.)

1. Crying Doll cries and dabs eyes with handkerchief.

2. Colonial Doll lifts right hand to head, removes hat, makes deep bow, returns to position and replaces hat.

3. Singing Doll sings scale up and down to the sound of "oo."

4. Sailor Boy makes motion of hoisting sail or dances "Sailor's Hornpipe."

5. Dancing Doll (1) with small steps tiptoes out and circling hands overhead points, pivots about twice, then spreading skirts makes deep curtsy and tiptoes back into place.

6. Soldier Doll lifts drumsticks and drums three times.

7. Dancing Doll (2) with stiff knees, and heels touching floor, steps to the right, feet together, step. Same to left. Repeat.

8. Cowboy recites, at the same time taking out toy pistol, aiming, and returning to belt.

“I’m a bold bad man, a desperado,
And when I strike town there’s a tornado,
And everywhere I go I give my war WHOOP!”

9. Talking Doll says “Maa—ma—Paa—pa—Maa—ma—Paa—pa.”

10. Indian Doll jumps up and down three times, giving whoop after each jump.

(While dolls are performing Mrs. Santa Claus stands at one side.)

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—Well, they all seem to be in good order.

SANTA CLAUS—Yes. And now let’s have dinner. I’m as hungry as a bear. We can pack them afterward.

(They go out arm in arm. When they have disappeared, the Singing Doll steps out and addresses the others. The actions of the dolls now become natural.)

SINGING DOLL—Did you hear that? We’re going to be packed to-night!

DANCING DOLL (1)—Yes. It’s a shame! Here it is only Thursday and Christmas doesn’t come until next Monday! Three whole days in a box without a chance to move!

CRYING DOLL (*crying*)—And—we—may never—see each other—again.

INDIAN DOLL—Let’s have a good romp before they come back.

DANCING DOLL (2)—Yes. Let’s pretend we’re real children and dance.

ALL—Hurrah!

(Dolls take partners and form double circle, inside hands joined.)

1. They skip around in circle and sing to tune of chorus of "Good Night, Ladies."

Christmas Day is coming soon, coming soon, coming soon,
Christmas Day is coming soon, and children long for dolls.

2. Dolls face each other, join right hands with partners and sing to tune of same song, shaking hands on each "Good-by."

Good-by, comrades!

Good-by, comrades!

Good-by, comrades!

We'll have to part e'er long.

When they sing last line, the girl dolls stand still and boy dolls take three steps sideways right. (*Each time step to right with right foot, bring left foot up to right, heels together.*) This should bring each boy facing a new partner. On word "long" bow to new partner.

Repeat from 1.

(*After they have finished dancing with second or third partner Santa Claus's voice is heard outside.*)

SANTA CLAUS—Are the boxes on the shelf?

(*The dolls stop dancing suddenly.*)

SINGING DOLL—Hush! They're coming!

SAILOR BOY—Quick! Back to our places!

(*All return to places and stiffen. Enter Mrs. Santa Claus and Santa Claus.*)

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—I'll count them. One, two three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

SANTA CLAUS—Then we have just enough boxes for all. Shall we bring them in and pack them in the workshop?

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—Yes, I'll help you. (*They go out.*)

(*Dolls face partners as they stand at the front of the room. They shake hands slowly, dabbing eyes with handkerchiefs as they sing in sobbing voices.*)

Good-by, comrades!

Good-by, comrades!

Good-by, comrades!

We'll have to part e'er long.

Elsie R. Redman.

The Little Christmas Spirit

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

SANTA CLAUS—Regulation costume.

GOOD FAIRY—Fairy costume with wand.

LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT—Scarlet cape and hat.

CHRISTMAS SYMBOLS—Nine children as Christmas symbols, as follows:

C.	Wreath
H	Christmas Card
R	Candle
I	Candy Cane
S	Yule Log
T	Carol
M	Stocking
A	Star
S	Bell

Each of the Symbols bears a red letter, so that they form the word CHRISTMAS in the stage background, and each one carries his particular Christmas symbol. The wreath, candle, candy cane, etc. should be the largest size obtainable, so as to be plainly seen by the audience.

PROLOGUE

SANTA CLAUS—Oh dear, I am so tired! I have been hustling for weeks and I feel I need some help this Christmas.

GOOD FAIRY—Why, what is the matter, dear Santa Claus? Has one of your precious reindeer gone lame? Is anything the matter with your sleigh this Christmas?

SANTA—Oh no, nothing like that, but you see, just before Christmas I am so busy I am afraid I may forget some little girl or boy, and I don't want to skip any waiting chimneys.

GOOD FAIRY—Perhaps the fairies can help you, Santa Claus, if you will just tell us all your troubles.

SANTA—I need a helper. Do you know of anyone?

GOOD FAIRY—Well, there is always the Little Christmas Spirit. Shall I bring her in to see you, Santa Claus?

SANTA—Yes, please, perhaps she will know just what to do.

(Enter Good Fairy and Christmas Spirit. Both curtsey to Santa Claus.)

SANTA—Dear little jolly Christmas Spirit, why is it I have never seen you before?

SPIRIT—I always fly ahead of you, Santa Claus. I am always two or three weeks away from you. I am your forerunner, you know, and you do keep me busy! Your reindeer seem to be always right on my heels and I have to skip lively to keep you from catching me.

SANTA—Yes, Little Spirit, and this Christmas season we are going to be busier than ever making up for lost time, and I have a task for you.

SPIRIT—What is it?

SANTA—I want you to explain to the girls and boys how rushed I am this year and tell them of the need for good generous children in the world this Yuletide.

SPIRIT—That is easy. The girls and boys are my faithful followers and just before Christmas they are as good as they can be. And see, I have brought some of my helpers to tell you how we prepare the way for your Christmas visit, dear old Santa Claus.

SANTA—I feel better already! I know now that this is going to be a happy Christmas for everyone. Let the children tell me how you work, Christmas Spirit, with your magic smile melting even the hardest hearts. I feel sure you carry a bundle of sunbeams under your gay red cloak and from it scatter sunshine everywhere.

SPIRIT—Santa, you flatter me! Hear what my little messengers have to say.

(The Christmas Symbols are in the background of stage while Santa, the Good Fairy and the Little Christmas Spirit hold the center front of stage. Now the Fairy goes to sit on a footstool at one side, Santa sinks into a comfortable chair at right of stage and the Little Christmas Spirit presents the Symbols to him. She leads forward each child, says a verse, and steps one side.)

I

SPIRIT—

Come, jolly little Christmas Wreath,
And in your happy way,
Just tell our good old Santa Claus
How you help Christmas Day.

WREATH—

The Christmas Spirit whispers,
Oh, hang the wreaths on high,

To tell to all the neighbors
That Christmas Day is nigh!

The jolly little symbol
Peeps through the windowpane,
Bright green and glowing scarlet,
In spite of snow or rain—

Helping the Christmas fairies
To scatter joy and cheer,
So we hang the wreaths for Christmas
When that gladsome time draws near.

II

SPIRIT—

Now Christmas Card so bright,
Tell Santa with what great delight
You go a-flying through the mail,
Bearing a merry Christmas tale.

CHRISTMAS CARD—

I am a little Christmas Card,
And I try very, very hard
To pave the way for Santa Claus,
By helping in his splendid cause.

O'er the earth I go, a-winging,
Starting good folks' hearts a-singing,
Always with a message glad
Cheering up the sick or sad.

With my merry little rhymes
Rivaling the Christmas chimes,
So I the Christmas Spirit bring
To old and young, peasant and king.

III

SPIRIT—

And little Candle, add your glow,
 So old Santa Claus will know
 Why you shine so bright and gay
 For the lovely Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS CANDLE—

O'er a manger long ago
 Fell the little candle's glow,
 Lighting up the stable lowly
 For the Christ Child, sweet and holy.
 So when, at Christmas, children see
 The candles flickering on the tree,
 Or from the windows gleaming bright
 Through the peaceful winter night,
 They know the gentle, guiding flame
 Is calling them to bless His name,
 And pray for goodness on this earth
 Because of the dear Christ Child's birth.

IV

SPIRIT—

Candy Cane, it's up to you
 To be so sweet and good
 That old St. Nick will laugh and say,
 "You helped—I knew you could!"

CANDY CANE—

The Little Christmas Spirit knows
 How fast the Christmas candy goes,
 So she gets just heaps and piles
 To bring to children happy smiles.

Candies of all kinds and sizes,
 Little ones, and big surprises!

Christmas candies, bright and gay
Especially for Christmas Day.

When the jolly Candy Cane
O'er the sugar plums doth reign,
Children know the joys of Youth,
And are glad of a sweet tooth!

V

SPIRIT—

Yule Log, snap and sparkle,
Make the fireplace glow,
So that Santa dear may see
How Christmas cheer should grow.

YULE LOG—

Around the blazing Yule Log,
The Christmas peace is found,
Where fireside groups do linger,
And joy and love abound.

We light the Christmas fires
In every home and heart,
To tell of Christmas gladness;
Let each one have a part!

Remember the Christmas Spirit,
Help and pity the poor,
And turn no hungry wanderer
At Christmas, from your door.

So keep the pleasant Yuletide,
That its blessings may appear
To bring you faith and thankfulness
Throughout the coming year.

VI

SPIRIT—

Sing so gladly, children dear,
 All the Christmas story,
 That your message may ring out
 With sweetest love and glory.

CHRISTMAS CAROL—

From the heavens the angels' story
 Swept out with its wondrous glory
 O'er the shepherds, awed and still,
 On the wild Judean hill.

“Peace on earth, good-will to men”—
 Hear it echo now, as then,
 As we sing in joyous praise
 Anthems for the Christmas days.

SONG

At this point any Christmas Carol the children know may be sung, a solo may be introduced, or the whole group of children may sing. If used as a church entertainment, a number of choir boys might sing.

VII

SPIRIT—

Little fat Stocking, come now and tell
 How you carry your burden well,
 A cute, handy pocket for Santa Claus' toys,
 When he steals down the chimney, without any
 noise.

STOCKING—

When Santa creeps down the chimney,
 In the night, so quiet and still,
 With his load of Christmas goodies
 Our empty stockings to fill—

And sees them hung up in a row,
By the fireplace high,
Does he wonder how we know
Christmas Eve is nigh?

Oh, we know he will appear—
We've heard the Spirit's warning,
And so we're ready every year
For fun on Christmas morning.

Real surprises in the night,
Fly into our stocking;
If Santa ever passed us by,
Indeed it would be shocking!

VIII

SPIRIT—

Star so bright and golden,
With your radiance streaming,
Keep on shining down the years
To guide us in our dreaming.

STAR—

This Star, with gentle, tender light
Has shone all down the years,
Telling of faith and hope and love,
Driving away all tears.

So follow the ancient Wise Men,
And be guided by the Star;
Keep the Christmas Spirit with you
No matter where you are.

IX

Come, silvery Bell, and sweetly ring
The Christmas tidings out,
So Santa Claus will surely know
What we are all about.

BELL—

Everywhere on Christmas Eve,
 Silvery bells are pealing,
 O'er the sleepy little towns,
 Through big cities stealing.

Clear o'er the frozen Northland,
 Soft through the Southern climes;
 Hark to the Christmas story
 Ringing in merry chimes!

Over the sparkling snowdrifts,
 Gently o'er summer flowers,
 The happy bells of Christmas
 Swing away for hours.

Giving thanks for Christmas Day,
 Oh, joyous bells keep ringing
 Until around the whole wide world
 People's hearts are singing.

FAIRY, CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AND SYMBOLS (*recite
 in unison, addressing Santa Claus*)—

With bells and lighted candles,
 With wreaths and garlands too,
 With jollity and laughter,
 We open hearts for you.

SANTA CLAUS (*rises and replies*)—

Oh, happy Christmas Symbols,
 Dear helpers good and true,
 Your story rings deep in my heart,
 And my thanks go out to you.
 And how I need the children!
 I'm glad you hear my call,
 Keep up the Christmas happiness,
 Keep Christmas, one and all!

FAIRY, CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AND SANTA CLAUS (*join hands and, with the nine Symbols, address audience*)—

The Little Christmas Spirit
Is flying o'er the land,
Scattering happiness
With a lavish hand.

We pray that she may visit you,
As she goes upon her way,
For then we know you'll surely have
A Merry Christmas Day.

Ethel Hawthorne Tewksbury.

The Greatest Gift of All

CHARACTERS

Six friends who have made great preparations for Christmas:

MARY	HAROLD
JACK	JOSEPHINE
ALICE	HELEN

Six poor children:

JOHN	SADIE
EDITH	ARTHUR
FRANK	RAYMOND

MOTHER OF POOR CHILDREN

FAIRY

SANTA CLAUS

COSTUMES

In Scene I the six friends dress in everyday costumes.

In Scene II:

JACK—Same suit as in Scene I. The box in which.

he is seen when representing the jack-in-the-box should be a large pasteboard carton such as is found in hardware stores. Cut the lid so it will spring up easily. Cover the box with red crepe paper and paste gay pictures on the outside.

MARY—Fluffy dress. She remains rigid like a doll.

HAROLD—Same suit as in Scene I, but he is hidden in a long cylinder made of cardboard and covered with red paper to represent a large firecracker.

JOSEPHINE—White dress with Mother Goose pictures pasted on it. The pictures should be cut from silhouette paper. She should hold a large sheet of Mother Goose pictures before her face.

HELEN—Teddy Bear suit made of brown canton flannel.

SIX POOR CHILDREN—Very ordinary clothes.

MOTHER—Poor clothing.

FAIRY—Fluffy dress trimmed with tinsel.

SANTA CLAUS—Regulation suit, bells and bag. Long, flowing beard.

SCENE I

SETTING—*A comfortable sitting room. A Christmas tree is seen in the background. All children are busy wrapping parcels.*

MARY—I've finished all my presents and they are marked and ready to send.

JACK—Harold and I have proved that boys can make Christmas presents as well as girls.

HAROLD (*holding up a well-made wooden article*)—See this! Isn't it pretty? This is for Mother.

ALICE—My presents are all finished, too, but some way or other I'm not at all happy.

JOSEPHINE—I've felt that way, too. I wonder why.

HELEN—Listen! I hear someone coming! (*All endeavor to conceal presents.*)

(*Enter Fairy. Children look frightened.*)

FAIRY—Do not be frightened, dear children. I am the Fairy of Happiness. I have noticed your unhappiness and I have come to bring you what no one should be without at this glad Christmas season—true, genuine happiness. I have heard some of you say that you have not this great gift, and I see from the faces of the others that with all your blessings, this great one is lacking.

ALICE—We will be so very glad, dear fairy, to receive your gift, for indeed we are not happy.

FAIRY—If you obtain this great gift you will have to do just as I say.

JOSEPHINE—We will obey you in everything, dear Fairy.

FAIRY—For whom have you made gifts?

MARY—I have a gift ready for every member of my family and for each person who will remember me.

JACK—I have made a gift for those I love best.

ALICE—I have made fourteen presents in all.

HAROLD—One of mine cost one dollar and a quarter besides all the work.

JOSEPHINE—This is the most beautiful present I have. (*Holding up a gift.*) It is for my cousin. I made it for her because someone told me that she had made me a handsome present.

HELEN (*holding up a present*)—I made this for a friend of mine. She gave me a beautiful present last Christmas and I want to give her a beautiful one, too, for I know she will expect it.

FAIRY (*looking sad*)—Dear children, I do not believe one of you knows why we celebrate Christmas.

ALL—Oh, yes, we do!

FAIRY—Please tell me, Mary.

MARY—Why—why—we do it so we can give and get presents.

JACK—No, no. It's so we can have a big dinner with turkey, cranberry sauce, and everything.

ALICE—No, it is so Santa Claus can come.

FAIRY—No, you are all wrong. Haven't any of you ever heard of the birth of the Christ Child?

JOSEPHINE—Of course we have, and Christmas Day is the day on which He was born.

FAIRY—And the only reason we give gifts on that day is because we are trying to do good, just as the Christ Child did, for you know His gift was the greatest gift the world has ever known. But you are giving gifts just because others will give them to you. That is why you have missed this great happiness.

JACK—I knew something was the matter, for I have been all out of sorts ever since I began getting ready for Christmas.

MARY—I see now that we have only tried to outdo others and have not tried to give happiness.

HELEN—Tell us, dear Fairy, of someone we can help, for that is what we need.

(Fairy sits in easy chair and children gather around her knee.)

FAIRY—Down in another part of the city, by the river, is a very poor family. The father was killed in a factory a short time ago, and the mother can scarcely find food enough for her seven children. They will not have a single Christmas present. If you would give them some of your great store, I am sure it would make you happy to see their joy.

JACK—I'll give them all of mine!

ALL—And so will I! And so will I!

JOSEPHINE—I wish we could be there so we could see them when they receive the gifts.

HAROLD—Well, can't we?

FAIRY—I'm afraid so many children who have been used to so much will frighten these poor children.

MARY—Can't you think of some way to arrange it? I am sure you can, dear fairy, for you know so much.

(Fairy puts head in hands and thinks a while. She suddenly drops hands and raises head.)

FAIRY—I have an idea. I'll change each of you into a plaything that delights children most. As soon as these poor boys and girls touch you the charm will be broken and you will be a little child again. In this way you will get acquainted easily.

ALL *(jumping up and clapping hands)*—How jolly!

JACK—What shall I be?

FAIRY—I'll make you a jack-in-the-box.

MARY—And what shall I be?

FAIRY—You will make a beautiful doll, while Alice will be a large stick of peppermint candy.

HAROLD—I don't know what you'll make me. Mother says I cannot keep still a minute.

FAIRY—I'll make you a large firecracker and then you can "go off" whenever you like. Josephine will be a great Mother Goose picture book with pictures of Jack and Jill, Polly Flinders, and all the others. Helen will make a fine, big Teddy Bear.

JACK AND HAROLD *(clapping hands)*—This is fine already, and we haven't begun yet.

FAIRY—Hurry now, for Christmas comes tomorrow, you know, and you have to get all your presents re-marked.

(Children begin to pick up presents.)

SCENE II

SETTING—A poorly furnished room. The same Christmas tree shown in Scene I background; Mother and six children admiring tree.

MOTHER—What a wonderful tree!

JOHN—Mother, I'm sure the good, kind fairy sent it.

EDITH (*taking note from tree*)—Here is a little note. (*Reads.*) "Santa Claus will be here at eleven o'clock with more presents."

ALL—Oh, how wonderful! How very wonderful!

(*A great noise outside of stamping feet and sleigh bells. Enter Santa Claus with sackful of presents.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*depositing sack on the floor*)—This is the most popular house on all my rounds. I have more presents outside. They are the largest of their kind I have ever seen.

(*Santa Claus goes out and comes in with a large box.*)

SANTA CLAUS—This is a jack-in-the-box.

FRANK—Let's see how it opens. (*Touches spring and out hops Jack.*)

JACK—Good morning! Merry Christmas! I know that I am the liveliest jack-in-the-box you have ever seen.

(*Children look surprised.*)

FRED—Well, a little boy is better than a jack-in-the-box, anyway.

SANTA CLAUS (*entering with large doll which he places at foot of tree*)—That almost took my breath away. (*Stands panting.*)

ALL THE GIRLS—What a beautiful doll!

(*Sadie touches clothes of doll. Mary changes doll-like attitude and dances around.*)

SADIE—Why, this is not a doll! It is a beautiful

little girl! Let me show you our tree, little girl.
(*Leads Mary toward tree.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*entering with large stick of peppermint candy*)—This will be candy enough to last you for some time.

ALL THE POOR CHILDREN—Oh, oh, oh! See the big stick of candy!

(*Arthur runs up and touches stick of candy with his tongue. Alice pushes cylinder over her head and comes out.*)

ARTHUR—Please excuse me. I thought you were good to eat.

(*All laugh heartily.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*entering with large firecracker*)—Here is something that will make all the noise you are looking for.

RAYMOND—Let's light it! Let's light it!

MOTHER (*handing Raymond a match*)—Be careful, now.

(*Raymond strikes match and pretends to light firecracker. A paper bag is burst behind curtain to take the place of the explosion and Harold pushes off the red cylinder and jumps out.*)

HAROLD—See! you set me free. If you had not touched me I would still be a firecracker instead of a very lively boy.

SANTA CLAUS (*entering with Mother Goose picture book*)—No Christmas is quite complete without one of these. I have delivered more of these pretty books than any other kind of present.

ARTHUR—Oh, there's Jack and Jill and Old Mother Goose herself.

EDITH (*turning leaves of books*)—How beautiful!

HELEN (*dropping book from before face and danc-*

ing around)—But don't you think a little girl is much more interesting?

ALL—Yes, we do.

(Enter Fairy.)

FAIRY—Oh, what a happy crowd!

SANTA CLAUS *(entering with Teddy Bear)*—This old fellow is very heavy.

SADIE *(putting arm around Teddy Bear)*—I know that it is for me, for I have wanted one so much.

(Helen slips off Teddy Bear suit and dances around.)

SADIE—My! my! How you frightened me!

HELEN—I hope you are not disappointed. I will try to give you as much fun as a Teddy Bear would.

FAIRY—I need not ask you if you have found the greatest gift of all, for I see you have. I'd like to hear you all sing "Scatter the Sunshine," for that is what you have been doing to-day.

(Children, Mother, and Fairy group themselves and sing, "Scatter the Sunshine" or any similar song.)

Ruth O. Dyer.

The Old Woman in the Shoe

SCENERY

Any kind of background will serve. The shoe is made of a framework about six feet high, with a small opening about four feet high, left for the door. If the woodwork does not make a perfect outline it may be supplemented with cardboard tacked on to form the curves at the heel, etc. Then the whole is covered with black cambric, nine yards being required for this size, marked off with chalk to show buttons and seams. A box placed at the door for a doorstep forms the heel. This structure is supported by two braces at the back.

FOREWORD

The lines of the play as here published are merely suggestive. So long as the spirit of giving is entered into by the various Mother Goose characters, the play will succeed. If the children can think of other things to say which will be consistent with the parts they are to interpret, so much the better.

As the children enter to tell of the doings of the Mother Goose children on this unusual Christmas Eve, the piano may help by playing familiar Mother Goose songs.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE—Older Girl.

HER CHILDREN—Dressed in their nightgowns.

MISS MUFFET.

HUMPTY DUMPTY—Large piece of cardboard, with a yellow cambric back painted to look like a broken egg, forms his costume.

JACK HORNER.

BO-PEEP.

PIG—Head made of buckram.

MISTRESS MARY.

PATTY-CAKE.

JACK AND JILL.

BOY ON A HOBBY STICK.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.

KING, QUEEN AND MAID.

BOY BLUE.

KING COLE AND HIS FIDDLERS THREE.

Costumes of characters not here described should be like those illustrated in Mother Goose Book.

SCENE—*In front of the Old Woman's Shoe.*

OLD WOMAN—Oh dear, oh dear! Christmas has come, and I have no presents for my children. Everyone else is making ready for that glad day and I have nothing to give. I have so many children I don't know what to do. Oh! oh! oh! oh!

(Children run in crying and pulling at her dress.)

FIRST CHILD—Mother, Mother, we've had our broth without any bread.

ALL THE CHILDREN *(crying)*—Oh! oh! oh!

OLD WOMAN—Well, come here and be spanked now. *(They get in line for a spanking, which she administers.)* Now run along to bed. *(Children lie down in little heaps inside the shoe, but can be plainly seen by the audience. Everything is still for a few moments. Bells can be heard tinkling in the distance.)*

(Miss Muffet enters, carrying bowl.)

MISS MUFFET—Well, well, this is Christmas Eve. Can you guess who I am? I am Little Miss Muffet. I had a terrible fright just now. I was sitting on my tuffet when a great spider came and sat down right beside me. My, I was scared! I ran all the way here. Where am I, anyway? Oh, yes, I know. *(Looking around.)* This is the poor Old Woman's house. And see! there are all her little children asleep. I know what I will do. Here are my nice curds and whey which I have not eaten. I believe the children would like them for breakfast. I will put them here on the funny doorstep. *(Puts down her bowl.)* Merry Christmas, Old Woman, and little children. *(Exits.)*

(Humpty Dumpty, carrying basket of eggs, comes in and looks around in a surprised way.)

HUMPTY DUMPTY—Whew! it's a long way to the Old Woman's from my page in the Mother Goose book, but I was bound to come. My, I hope I am not broken.

You see, I have some nice fresh eggs for all the little children's Christmas breakfast. I mustn't let them fall. Oh me! oh my! he, he! Here they are. (*Takes eggs from basket, and puts them on doorstep.*) Merry Christmas to you all! Merry Christmas! (*Goes out.*)



Humpty Dumpty Brought Eggs

(*Jack Horner enters, carrying a pie.*)

JACK HORNER—I am a good boy. I just found this plum. See my nice Christmas pie? (*Looks at shoe.*) What a funny house to live in! Nothing but an old shoe. Those children must be very poor. Perhaps they would like a pie for their Christmas, too. I shall give them mine. (*Puts pie on step.*) I must go now. Merry Christmas to all the little children! Merry Christmas! (*Runs off.*)

(Bo-Peep, carrying a toy sheep, comes in singing that she has found her sheep.)

BO-PEEP—Do you know, I just found my sheep. I looked and looked for a long time but could not find them. At last I did and here is a baby one. I have heard that the poor little children in the shoe have no



Little Bo-Peep Left a Toy Sheep

toys for Christmas, so I am going to give them this to play with. I wonder where they are. *(Looks everywhere and at last spies the shoe.)* Oh, isn't this a cunning house to live in? But they do not have very much; I can see that. Well, here is my little sheep. *(Puts it in a prominent place.)* I hope these children will stay with their mother and not get lost. Then they will have a good Christmas. *(Skips off, singing.)*

(Pig trots on, grunting.)

PIG—Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh! Where am I? I am on the way home from market, for you must know I am the little pig that went to market. I have bought sugar and spice, and everything nice for the little children who live in the shoe. Ugh! ugh! ugh! Where is their shoe? Oh yes, here it is. I will put my goodies for them to see when they get up. Merry Christmas, Old Woman in the Shoe and all your little children, too. Ugh! ugh! *(Trots off.)*



The Little Pig Brought a Basket of Goodies

(Mistress Mary enters, carrying a basket of flowers.)

MISTRESS MARY—I'm Mistress Mary, quite contrary. All the morning I have been picking my flowers. I shall not be contrary this time, but will give all of these sweet flowers to the Old Woman in the Shoe because she has so many children she doesn't know

what to do. She will like these, I know. And here are some cockle shells for the children to play with. (*Puts basket down.*) The best of happy days to you all. Good-night. (*Walks off.*)



Mistress Mary Brought Flowers for the Poor Children

(*Patty-Cake enters, carrying a cake.*)

PATTY-CAKE—I am the Patty-Cake, Patty-Cake, baker's man. I have just made the finest cake you ever saw. I rolled it, and rolled it, and marked it with "T." It is for the poor children's Christmas dinner. Sh! here they are all asleep. Bless their little hearts! they shall have a pleasant Christmas day, after all. (*Puts down cake and "patty-cakes" off.*)

(*Jack enters with Jill, carrying a bucket of water.*)

JACK—Ouch! my head hurts.

JILL—I am Jill and this is my brother Jack. We went to the spring to get a pail of water, and we both

fell down. Don't cry, Jack! Let us look for the Old Woman's house, so the children can have some fresh water for Christmas. The poor old mother has to go so far to get it that we thought we could save her one trip.

JACK—Here's the funny old shoe. Put the bucket down so she can find it here when she gets up on Christmas morning.

JILL—All right. Now don't make a noise. Merry Christmas, cunning children! (*They go out.*)

(*Enter Boy riding a hobby stick. Carries toy pig.*)

BOY—I've been to market; now wait till I show you what I bought. A big, fat pig! Little children always like pigs to play with. I'll leave this here for the children as a Christmas surprise. (*Rides all around the shoe and then away.*)

(*Queen of Hearts comes in carrying a tray.*)

QUEEN OF HEARTS—I am the Queen of Hearts you have read of so often. This Christmas I went into the royal kitchen and with my own hands made some tarts. Do you smell them? My! they are delicious. I am out late, looking for the shoe where that poor family of starving children live. Poor little boys and girls! Never mind, they shall have something good this Christmas. I will put these tarts at the end of the step so they will find them when they get up. (*Looks in the doorway of the shoe.*) I hope you will have just a lovely Christmas, Old Woman. (*Goes out quietly.*)

(*King and Queen and Maid dance in, singing "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and carrying an immense pie.*)

THE THREE—Here is the place for this pie.

KING—Won't the Old Woman and her children have fun when they open this pie?



Queen of Hearts Brought a Tray of Tarts

QUEEN—Yes, they will be astonished to see the four-and-twenty blackbirds hop out.

MAID—Let us put it right here, and they will see it the first thing.

KING AND QUEEN—So let it be. (*They group themselves near the step and put down the pie with much joy. Again they sing and walk off.*)

(*Boy Blue enters, yawning and stretching. He carries a horn.*)

BOY BLUE—I know you can guess who I am by my blue suit. My! I am still sleepy but it is Christmas Eve and I must wake up. Listen to this horn. (*Blows.*) Now I know everybody likes a horn for Christmas. In fact, Christmas isn't Christmas at all without a horn. Humpty Dumpty told me that there

were some poor children around this Mother Goose book who had no horn for Christmas, so I am going to give them mine. Well, well, here is their house. And here is my good horn. I think I will take a last blow. (*Blows twice.*) Merry Christmas to all the world. (*Blows twice and then puts down horn and runs away.*)

(*A loud laughing is heard outside and Old King Cole enters, convulsed with laughter.*)

OLD KING COLE—Ha! ha! ha! Who lives here in this queer place? By my soul, it is the Old Woman in the Shoe. Whoever heard of a Christmas Eve without music? (*Thinks a moment and bursts into fresh laughter.*) Of course we must have music on Christmas. (*Claps his hands.*) First fiddler, come! (*Claps again.*) Second fiddler, come! (*Claps a third time.*) Third fiddler, come! (*The fiddlers come on as called.*) Now give us a lively tune.

(*The fiddlers play and Old King Cole indulges in another good laugh.*)

OLD KING COLE—Now that will do. Let us call all the Mother Goose children and ask them to sing for the poor boys and girls. (*Claps his hands and calls.*) Mother Goose children, come, come!

(*The children who have taken the various parts all come in, asking, "What is it?"*)

OLD KING COLE—Come now, sing some of your Christmas carols for the children.

(*They sing one or two of the jolly songs that they have learned for Christmas.*)

OLD WOMAN (*waking and coming out of the shoe*)—Well, well, what is this? Wake up, children! wake up, and see what has happened. (*Children sit up, rubbing their eyes and exclaiming at their gifts.*)

See these wonderful presents for you. (*Children pick up some of the things saying, "Oh, see the pie," or "What a darling pig," etc.*) Now make a curtsy and say, "Thank you for a lovely Christmas."

CHILDREN (*bowing*)—Thank you, Mother Goose children, for a lovely Christmas.

MOTHER GOOSE CHILDREN—We wish you all a Merry Christmas!
Alberta Walker.

A Christmas Box from Aunt Jane

CHARACTERS

MR. AND MRS. DUNNING

GRANDMA DUNNING

COUSIN MAY

EXPRESSMAN

BOB, CAROL AND STEVIE DUNNING

SCENE—*Living room. Family sitting or standing, variously engaged, when Bob enters.*

BOB—Hurrah for the morning mail! Letters for you, Father. Letters and card for Mother. Papers for Grandmother.

MRS. DUNNING—Oh, this card is from Aunt Jane. I always know her writing. She makes a tiny circle for every dot.

MR. DUNNING—Well, Mother, you never knew Jane to do anything like anybody else, did you?

MRS. DUNNING (*reads*)—"I am sending you a Christmas box by express. Merry Christmas to you all!—Jane."

(*Doorbell rings. Carol answers.*)

EXPRESSMAN—Box for you, ma'am. Charges prepaid.

(*All gather round. Bob cuts strings.*)

BOB—Hope she's sent me a talking machine, radio set and limousine.

CAROL—Well, I'll be satisfied if she's sent me a new dress, but I hope it's pink.

STEVIE—O-o-o-h. Wonder what's for me!

MRS. DUNNING—Now children, don't get your hopes up too high. You never can tell about Aunt Jane. She has queer freaks sometimes.

MR. DUNNING—Suppose I'll be favored with a pair of slippers. I've been working overtime to wear out the thirteen pairs I got last Christmas.

MRS. DUNNING—Well, your suspense will soon be over. I guess this is your share. (*Holds up coat.*) Hand-me-downs! Well, of all things. Did we all look shabby, I wonder, the last time Jane was here?

MR. DUNNING (*examining coat*)—Ahem! Smoking jacket. Looks as if it had seen some service. But I don't smoke.

BOB—Well, can't a fellow wear a smoking jacket without smoking?

MR. DUNNING—Sure, just as a fellow can sit in a boat without rowing; but look, here's a hole right in the top of the back. What respectable man would want to hold forth in that kind of rigging, even on a desert isle? (*Tries on coat. Family laugh heartily.*) Well, go ahead—get the laugh on someone else.

MRS. DUNNING—Here's a kimono—black. This must be for you, Grandma.

GRANDMA—Kimony? Well, I've lived seventy-five years without ever gettin' time to wear one of them things, and I won't begin now. Might try it on, but a clean woolen dress is good enough for me. (*Tries on kimono—too short and has elbow sleeves. Makes low curtsey at which all laugh.*)

MRS. DUNNING—Bob, this must be your “limousine.”

BOB (*holding up white vest*)—Yes, I’d look scrumptious in that vest Uncle William has worn out here for the last twenty years. If I wear that, I’ll join Ringling’s. (*Puts on vest—much too large. Struts around with thumbs in armholes, whistling popular air.*)

(*Cousin May slips on large automobile shoes over her shoes, also large flowered jacket, whirls around room with them on. All laugh.*)

(MRS. DUNNING—And Jane hasn’t forgotten me! Purple velvet hat and jacket. (*Puts on hat of ludicrous shape, much too small, jacket too long and large, at which all go into convulsions of laughter. Makes bow to each member of family.*)

MR. DUNNING—Lucky for me—that saves me your coat and millinery bill. Now I get the new overcoat I’ve been wanting.

STEVIE—Wasn’t there anything for me? I wanted a bear on wheels like Joey Leslie’s.

MRS. DUNNING—A cap and sweater seem to be your share, Stevie. (*Sweater of red reaches to floor, cap covers head and face.*)

MR. DUNNING—Well, I guess we’re all equipped now, and ready for the road. Get your kodak, Bob, and snap us up. Might send one to Jane for a Christmas present. (*Camera clicks. Mother picks up card which has fallen on floor.*)

MRS. DUNNING—Why, look here! There is something on the other side of this card that I hadn’t noticed. (*Reads.*) “Perhaps the pockets in these articles of clothing are too big. Don’t get angry—just my little joke. Put things in with the carpet-rags. You know I was born odd and never got over it.”

(All feel in pockets, bring up envelopes. Excited exclamations—"Twenty dollars in mine"—"and mine"—"and mine." "Dear Aunt Jane"—"Who'd have thought it?"—"Well, I never"—"Isn't that just like the dear old soul?" etc.)

BOB—Come, let's have picture No. 2 for Aunt Jane.

(Family strike artificial poses, smiling, holding out envelopes. Camera clicks. Curtain.)

Alice J. Cleator.

A Display of Mechanical Toys

CHARACTERS

SHOWMAN

TEDDY BEAR

DOLL

CLOWN

ATHLETES

JACK-IN-THE-BOX

ELEPHANT

DUTCH WOMAN

SOLDIER

SCRUB WOMAN

DIRECTIONS

The Elephant is made by having two children stoop over, one behind the other, with head at the waist line of the one ahead. Cover them with a gray blanket, having large gray ears pinned on each side, a piece of hose held by the leader, for a trunk, and a bit of rope pinned on for a tail. By keeping step a very good elephant is represented.

The Athletes may be two boys who when wound up double their fists and in perfect unison pull their arms back and thrust them forward past the other's ear, one using his right arm while the other uses his left, and vice versa.

All the toys except the Elephant are arranged at the back of the platform. They stand very stiff and expressionless. The Showman steps forward and makes the following speech.

SHOWMAN'S SPEECH

It is nearly Christmas time and everyone will soon want to be buying presents. Before looking anywhere else I want you to have an opportunity to see my fine line of mechanical toys. I brought them here to-night feeling sure I would have a chance to exhibit them to a large number of people. You who have little girls to buy for will be interested in this fine Paris doll. (*Brings it forward.*) By being properly wound up it will walk and speak. Let me demonstrate. (*Winds up Doll at the back. It walks stiffly and slowly across the stage squeaking "Ma-ma" and "Pa-pa" every three or four steps. Be as artificial as possible.*) See how naturally it walks and talks. Any child would be happy to own such a doll. (*Puts it back in place.*)

Or if they are more interested in housework this Scrub Woman will give them much pleasure. (*Brings it forward and winds it up. The toy kneels, dips brush in pail, scrubs stiffly three times and repeats. The movements are very jerky and grow slower and slower until it runs down. While it is working the Showman continues his speech.*) This toy is well made of durable material, and guaranteed for years. Anyone buying it will make a good investment.

For the boys I have a toy elephant which is a great attraction. (*Calls to someone behind the curtain.*) Is that elephant unpacked yet? (*Someone answers "yes" and the Showman goes back. The audience hears him say, "Here, let me wind it up." The Elephant comes walking out followed by the Showman who again addresses audience.*) This is a fine toy to teach children natural history. (*Elephant goes out.*)

Here is a good toy soldier. Get your boy half a dozen of these and he is sure to be amused all of the time.

(Brings out the Soldier, winds it up and sets it back in place. Some drill movements with a gun are given.)

These Athletes afford a good deal of amusement, too. The springs are sound and they will wear for a long time. These are toys I can recommend.

The babies like Teddy Bears. Now here is an improvement on the old style. Just turn a crank here at the back and the toy works itself and amuses the child. *(The Teddy is seated on a box, feet straight out, arms in a stiff position. Before winding, the box may be pulled forward like a sled, or the box may be set at one side all the time where it shows off well and the Showman may just step over to it.)*

I have, also, a Jack-in-the-box which answers the same purpose. Instead of jumping from the box just once, like the old kind, the action is repeated until it runs down, when it can be rewound. *(The Jack, that has been hidden in the box, jumps up and sinks down once or twice, and when it runs down and stops, remains standing.)*

Here is a toy *(brings forward a Dutch Cleanser Woman)* that not only amuses but instructs, teaching the children while at play the value of cleanliness and what to buy. *(The figure raises and lowers the stick rapidly, slowing up as it runs down.)*

Last, but not least, is this fine Clown. The joints are all ball bearing, the frame is solid, and every one from the oldest to the youngest will enjoy it. *(Winds up Clown, who moves in a very jerky manner making as funny motions as possible.)*

Step right up after the program and examine these toys for yourself. Satisfaction is guaranteed to any one investing in my fine line of mechanical toys. I thank you.

Effie G. Belden.

The Evergreen

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

EVERGREEN TREE—Represented by child touching the Christmas Tree to be decorated.

CHRISTMAS TREE ANGEL—Who should be capable of taking her own part and assisting the small children to decorate tree. Should dress as angels are pictured.

POP CORN ELVES—Very small children in white; carry strings of pop corn.

CRANBERRY FAIRIES—In red; carry strings of cranberries.

CANDLE FAIRIES—In white, with sashes of alternating red and yellow. Should use electric candles if possible. Above all things, don't allow lighted candles near tree!

WILL O' THE WISPS, FIREFLIES, etc.—Carry the glass and tinsel ornaments and dress in rainbow colors, or white with sashes of various colors.

CHRISTMAS STAR—Should be dressed to suggest light and carry star to be placed on top of tree.

TOYS AND DOLLS—May be increased in number as desired.

(Use personal judgment in details according to circumstances and number of children taking part.)

TREE—

I'm just a little Evergreen;
 No fruits or nuts or flowers are seen
 On me; and yet I long to be
 So pretty children will love me!

ANGEL (*appears, speaks to Evergreen*)—

Oh, I'm the Angel of the Trees!
 To grant your wish, now, if you please,
 I'll call the Christmas Fairies here;

And very soon you will appear
 In such a shining, bright array
 The children will just love to stay
 And round you sing and dance and play!—
 Come, little Pop Corn Elves!

POP CORN ELVES (*scamper in*)—

Dear little Tree, we're glad we've found you!

We'll twine white wreaths of pop corn round you!

(*They do this, assisted by Angel, and scamper into background.*)

ANGEL—

Ho! Come, merry, tumbly fairies!

Chubby, cheery, red Cranberries!

CRANBERRY FAIRIES (*tumble, roll, and somersault into the scene. Speak or sing*)—

Little Tree, in spite of snow,

Berries red on you shall grow!

(*They twine cranberry wreaths on Tree and disappear into background.*)

ANGEL—

Come, Candle Fairies! Lend your light

To gladden our green Tree to-night!

CANDLE FAIRIES—

You'll surely every child delight

With Christmas candles shining bright!

(*Place candles in or about Tree and vanish.*)

ANGEL—

Will o' the Wisps! Glowworms! Fireflies!

Your elfin lamps our Tree would prize!

(*The children called now march in from opposite sides, winding in and out in a pretty drill, dressed in various colors, and carrying the glass and tinsel decorations and ornaments which they place on the Tree after saying—*

Our glow and glimmer shall be seen
Upon your branches, Evergreen!

ANGEL—

Gleam, Wondrous Star of Christmas Joy!
You're loved by every girl and boy!

STAR—

O Little Tree! You're smiling so
You hardly need my ray, you know;
Yet just for Christmas I'll shine bright—
A Star shone that first Christmas night,
When Wise Men followed its high flame
And to the little Christ Child came.

(Places Star at tip of tree, if possible.)

(All the children taking part and all present now crowd around Tree, as Toys are called. Some real dolls and toys should be placed at the foot of the Tree.)

ANGEL—

Toys, appear, our Tree to bless,
And see if we your names can guess!

(Children make room for Toy Soldiers, who march from opposite sides of stage and perform a short military drill, or merely march in and out as they cross. If uniforms are possible, they would be effective. All children clap hands and cry "Soldiers! Soldiers!" A French doll then is wound up, and walks stiffly across stage, saying "Ma-Ma-Ma-Ma" and running down in center of stage, is rewound and completes her journey across. One little child should pipe up: "Oh, isn't she beautiful!" A procession of dolls now marches or dances across the stage. These may include rag, boy, sailor, black "Dinah," baby in nightie, Kewpie, Campbell Kid, Red Cross Nurse, Jap, and as many others as desired. Children discuss them informally, saying: "That's my fav'rite!" "Oh, I love her!" "I'd be very

good if Santa would leave that one for me!" etc.)

ANGEL (*finally calls*)—

Come, Toys and Children, form a ring!

Come round your Christmas Tree and sing!

(All form large or double circle around Tree, singing, skipping, clapping hands, happily. Should sing, to tune of "The Mulberry Bush," the following:

Here we go round our Christmas Tree, Christmas
Tree, Christmas Tree,

Here we go round our Christmas Tree,
Our Merry Christmas Tree!

The Christmas Star is shining bright, shining bright,
shining bright,

The Christmas Star is shining bright
Upon our Christmas Tree!

We'll clap our hands and laugh and sing, laugh and
sing, laugh and sing,

We'll clap our hands and laugh and sing
Around our Christmas Tree!

(They go out clapping hands and singing.)

Gertrude Loveless.

Toyland

CHARACTERS

JOHNNY BROWN	SANTA CLAUS
MABEL BROWN	MRS. SANTA
DREAM FAIRY	FAIRIES
SANDMAN	BROWNIES

Toys

BISQUE DOLL	HANS AND GRETCHEN
JACK-IN-THE-BOX	TOPSY
GOLD DUST TWINS	KEWPIE

COSTUMES

SANTA CLAUS—Regulation fur-trimmed suit.

MRS. SANTA—House dress, apron and cap.

DREAM FAIRY—Long white dress; wings of gauzy material, wired; tinsel trimming. Carries wand.

SANDMAN—Long gray gown with attached hood; carries a bag from which to scatter "sand."

FAIRIES—White, with tinsel trimming.

BROWNIES—Tight-fitting suits of brown cambric and pointed caps of brown; brown stockings.

BISQUE DOLL—Colored tissue paper or cheesecloth dress.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX—Figured paper or material gathered at the neck, loose to below waist; from waist down a large cardboard packing box is worn.

GOLD DUST TWINS—Dressed as pictured in advertisements.

HANS AND GRETCHEN—Typical Dutch peasant costumes. Hans, blue blouse with collar, cuffs and buttons of red; full breeches; high round cap. Gretchen, plain fitted waist with full sleeves, high neck; full, gathered skirt; white kerchief and white Dutch cap.

TOPSY—Red dress; yellow turban.

KEWPIE—Tight flesh-colored waist with low neck and no sleeves; small wings of white gauzy material; short skirt of fluffy material same color as waist.

JOHNNY BROWN—Regular suit.

MABEL BROWN—Everyday dress.

ACT I

SETTING—*Living-room with fireplace; settee before fireplace; stockings hung. Enter Johnny and Mabel on tiptoe.*

JOHNNY—Sh! Don't make a sound! (*Both seat themselves on settee. Give a sigh of relief.*)

MABEL—Now we are safe. I thought Mother would surely hear us and make us go back to bed.

JOHNNY—Do you think he will *really* come down this chimney? (*Both look up flue.*)

MABEL—I don't know, Johnny. Aren't you a little bit scared? (*She trembles.*)

JOHNNY—Me scared? Boys never get scared! You needn't be afraid when *I'm* around!

(*Pan dropped off stage.*)

MABEL (*moving closer to Johnny*)—Oh, Johnny, what's that?

JOHNNY (*trembling*)—I d-o-n-'t k-n-o-w. (*He stands up straight and throws back his shoulders.*) Your nerves are all upset. You'd better go back to bed.

MABEL—Good night, Johnny. Don't let the Sandman get you. (*Exits.*)

JOHNNY—Girls are such scary cats. Who's afraid of the Sandman!

(*Weird music. Enter Sandman with bag on shoulder.*)

JOHNNY (*rubbing his eyes*)—Who are you?

SANDMAN (*speaking slowly*)—I—am—the—Sand—man.

JOHNNY—Ha! *I'm* not afraid of you. I am going to wait for old Santa Claus to come down this chimney.

SANDMAN—We'll see, young man, we'll see!

(*Sandman dances a funny little dance, sprinkling small scraps of paper from his bag. Sandman exits. Johnny falls asleep. Enter Fairies singing, to tune "Glad Christmas Bells" in "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."*)

FAIRY SONG

Little fairies are we,
 Happy fairies are we,
 And we dance the livelong day.
 Each fairy, so sweet,
 Is light on her feet,
 As she dances the time away.
 Little boys, do not fear,
 We will take you from here,
 On a journey to dreamland fair;
 All the toys you will see,
 Such a treat it will be,
 As we go up the dreamland stair.

(Fairies dance. Enter Dream Fairy, who dances. While music is still playing, she speaks.)

DREAM FAIRY—Come, little fairies, let us take our little friend to Toyland.

(Fairies gather around Johnny: Dream Fairy leads him out. Johnny keeps his eyes closed.)

ACT II

SETTING: Toyland. Toys—Bisque Doll, Dutch Dolls, Topsy, Gold Dust Twins, Kewpie Doll and Jack-in-box—on stage. Toys must hold an absolutely stiff position.

MRS. SANTA (*sewing on a doll's dress*)—Dear me, Where is Mr. Santa Claus? All the toys are ready and he's not here. I guess I'll call him. (*She rises; hears Santa and Brownies coming; they enter.*)

SANTA—Ho, ho, here we are, Mrs. Santa. Brownies, sing that new song I taught you for Mrs. Santa.

(Brownies sing to simple melody and do a funny dance.)

BROWNIE SONG

Oh, ho! Oh, ho! merry Brownies are we,
And we help old Santa trim the tree;
We like to work, and like to play,
And so we're happy all the day.

MRS. SANTA (*clapping*)—Very good, my little Brownies.

SANTA—Away, Brownies; pack the toys in the sleigh. I have so many boys and girls to visit this year I shall have to make two trips.

(*Brownies take out bags of toys.*)

SANTA—Good night, Mrs. Santa. Don't wait up for me. I won't be back till morning. (*Exits.*)

MRS. SANTA (*goes to door; waves. Sleigh bells heard.*)—I am so tired. I guess I'll go to bed. (*Exits.*)

(*Soft music. Enter Dream Fairy and Johnny. Fairy rings bell four times.*)

DREAM FAIRY—Wake up, everybody! Someone has come to call.

(*Toys come to life. Jack-in-box puts head out of box; stretches himself as if he had been cramped for a long time. Toys bow to Johnny.*)

JACK—Good evening, sir. Will you be seated?

(*Johnny sits down.*)

JACK—The first number on our program will be a song and dance by Bisque Doll.

(*Bisque Doll sings and dances to chorus of "Kiss Me." She dances—a waltz step.*)

DOLL SONG

A bisque doll am I,
With eyes blue as the sky,
And my hair in curls so neat;
The girls all love me,

As you can see
 I'm as happy as I can be;
 I can dance
 And I can sing,
 I can do 'most everything;
 I'm all alone,
 So take me home
 To some nice little girlie.

JACK—The second number on our program will be a dance by Topsy, our little pickaninny.

(Topsy dances jig. Irish jig will do.)

JACK—The third number on our program will be a song and dance by Gretchen and Hans, our Dutch dolls.

DUTCH SONG

Tune: "Coming Thro' the Rye."

GRETCHEN—

I am Gretchen, pretty Gretchen,
 From Netherland am I.

HANS—

I am Hans, the little Hans,
(Raises hand even with head.)
 I'm only just so high.

JACK—The fourth number on our program will be a recitation by our Gold Dust Twins.

(Enter Twins with scrubbing brushes and package of Gold Dust. They recite.)

GOLD DUST TWINS—

Two Gold Dust Twins are we,
 We scrub, and scrub, and scrub;
 We'll wash your clothes, oh very clean,—
 We'll rub and rub and rub.

JACK—The fifth number on our program will be a dance by Kewpie Doll.

(A small girl may here dance, or recite a poem.)

JOHNNY—Those dolls are good dancers, but why don't you dance, Mr. Jack-in-the-box?

JACK—Ho, ho, I haven't danced in years. I'm afraid I'm too old and stiff, but I'll try.

(Jack-in-the-box dances. At end of dance Johnny claps. Bell strikes; toys resume stiff positions; Johnny falls asleep.)

ACT III

SETTING: *Same as in Act I. Johnny asleep on settee. Small toys, doll, Jack-in-the-box, etc., in stockings. Enter Mabel; she shakes Johnny.*

MABEL—Wake up, Johnny, and see what Santa brought us.

JOHNNY *(wakes up, rubs eyes and looks around room. Pinches toys to see if they are alive. He speaks in a disappointed voice)*—Oh! It was only a dream!
Peggy Schroeder.

Serenading Santa Claus

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

MISS MUFFET—Mother Hubbard dress, with round neck and puffed sleeves; a broad sash which ties in a big bow behind.

JACK AND JILL—Jack wears a blouse, overalls, and a straw hat, Jill wears a blue gingham dress and sun-bonnet.

BO-PEEP—White dress with square Dutch neck and full elbow sleeves. A bodice about the waist adds to the effect. This may be made of an oblong piece of black cambric laced with a black shoestring. She wears a garden hat with two long streamers behind, and carries a crook on which is tied a large bow.

CURLY LOCKS—Light colored dress with round neck and short sleeves.

JACK HORNER—White blouse and dark colored knee trousers; fancy pointed cap; carries a large pie.

SIMPLE SIMON—Overalls and smock cut kimono fashion; a small cap gathered at top which turns over at one side, with a tassel.

BOY BLUE—Blue middy suit, with belt, round collar and cuffs of white; red tie; black stockings and sandals; large shade hat with blue band and streamers.

HUMPTY DUMPTY—Blouse, with full sleeves; overalls. Both padded to make him seem very fat.

SANTA CLAUS—Loose coat, with a cape, knickerbockers, leggings and pointed hood of red, trimmed with bands of absorbent cotton. He must be well padded to make him appear fat. He carries a pack.

STAGE SETTING—*There should be an imitation chimney and fireplace, a curtain at right angles to audience, and a door.*

(Enter Little Miss Muffet with bowl and spoon.)

MISS MUFFET *(looking around)*—Where can I find a tuffet to sit on, so I can eat my curds and whey? Oh, here's one! *(Sits down, looks around fearfully.)* I'm so afraid that pesky spider will come crawling along! He just gives me the creeps! *(Begins eating.)*

LITTLE JACK HORNER *(entering during her speech)*—Afraid of a little spider! My, I'm glad I'm not a girl! *(Sits down in corner and eats pie. Enter Jack and Jill carrying a pail of water.)*

JACK—Well for *once* we got here without falling down and spilling all the water! *(Sets pail down carefully.)*

JILL—That's because you didn't try to hurry too

fast. My! I'm tired! (*Sits down by Miss Muffet. Enter Bo-Peep.*)

JILL (*jumping up and offering chair*)—You must be tired chasing after those sheep, Bo-Peep. Here, take my chair and sit down and rest.

BO-PEEP—No thank you, Jill. You forget this is winter. No herding of sheep for me! Little Boy Blue and I have the best time coasting down hill, nowadays!

LITTLE BOY BLUE (*entering during last speech*)—You bet we do! How glad I am the grass is all gone! (*Flings himself down by Jack Horner.*) Hello, Jack! Give me some pie! I'm hungry!

JACK HORNER—Here, take this piece! (*Offers him a generous slice. The two boys eat pie, taking large bites and evidently enjoying themselves. They continue this until Christmas is mentioned. Humpty Dumpty comes in with a rolling step.*)

LITTLE BOY BLUE—Hello there, Humpty Dumpty! We heard you were all broken up!

HUMPTY DUMPTY—Some folks like to make a big story out of a little one. I *did* get a little crack, but Dr. Foster came down from Gloucester in a shower of rain, and fixed me up, and I'm all right! (*Sits down beside Boy Blue. Enter Simple Simon with pail, fish pole, and line.*)

BOY BLUE—Ha, ha! Look at Simple Simon! Snow on the ground, the river all frozen over, and still trying catch fish!

SIMPLE SIMON (*striking attitude*)—Ha, ha! Look at Boy Blue! Snow on the ground, the river all frozen over, and still trying to herd sheep!

BOY BLUE—That's where you're off, Simple Simon! Instead of herding sheep, Bo-Peep and I have been coasting down hill.

SIMPLE SIMON—Coasting down hill! Oh, take me with you! I could go down in my mother's pail! See?

(Steps into pail and perches or sits on rim. All children run up and gather around him, laughing uproariously.)

CURLY LOCKS *(entering)*—What's all the fun about?

MISS MUFFET—Oh, Curly Locks! Come here! Simple Simon can't catch any fish in his mother's pail, so he's going coasting in it!

CURLY LOCKS—Oh, Simple Simon! You're such a funny boy!

SIMPLE SIMON *(jumping out of pail and falling on his knees in front of Curly Locks)*—

Curly Locks, Curly Locks,
Will you be mine?

CURLY LOCKS *(taking him by the arm)*—You silly boy! Get up! *(Pulls him up.)* Go over there in the corner by Jack Horner and behave yourself! *(He sits on floor by Jack Horner.)*

JACK HORNER *(between mouthfuls of pie)*—Say, kids, do you know it's Christmas Eve?

JILL—Christmas Eve? Why of course it is! What did you think we came here for?

JACK HORNER—Well, I didn't know. A smart fellow like me, of course, keeps track of Christmas time. But I didn't know about the rest of you small fry.

BOY BLUE—Small fry! I like that!

SIMPLE SIMON—Christmas! What's Christmas?

HUMPTY DUMPTY *(going over and placing a patronizing hand on his shoulder)*—Christmas, my son, is the time when you hang up your stocking.

SIMPLE SIMON—What for?

JACK HORNER—To catch mice in!

JACK—To frighten away the crows!

BOY BLUE—For snowbirds to build their nests in!

HUMPTY DUMPTY—So you can climb up on a step-ladder to get into it!

BO-PEEP—You boys ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

MISS MUFFET (*in motherly tones*)—I'll tell you what for, Simple Simon. You hang them up over the fireplace, for Santa Claus to put Christmas presents in.

SIMPLE SIMON—What's Christmas presents?

JILL—Oh, you poor boy! Did you never get a Christmas present? Don't you know about Santa Claus?

SIMPLE SIMON—No. Who's Santa Claus?

JILL—He's an old gentleman who comes down the chimney Christmas Eve when we are all asleep and puts dolls and balls and jackknives and all kinds of toys in your stocking, if you hang it up over the fireplace.

SIMPLE SIMON (*running to center front, sitting down on floor, and beginning to unlace shoe*)—Gee! I'm going to hang up mine in a hurry!

JACK HORNER—Hold on there! Santa likes *clean* stockings. I've brought along two, so you can have one of mine. (*Gives stocking to Simple Simon.*)

BOY BLUE—Yes, and it's high time we're hanging them up, I'll say! Come on, everybody. (*All children go to fireplace and hang up stockings.*)

SIMPLE SIMON—And now what do we do next?

CURLY LOCKS—Let's all hide behind this curtain and watch for Santa Claus.

MISS MUFFET—Oh, let's! I've always wanted to see Santa Claus!

JACK HORNER—Yes, and let's give old Santa a serenade. We'll get a horn, and a drum, and—and a jew's-harp, and—

HUMPTY DUMPTY—That's the stuff! We'll start the music behind the curtain, just as he finishes filling the stockings and is ready to climb up the chimney.

JACK—Here's a horn! (*Toots on it.*)

SIMPLE SIMON—And here's a drum—

MISS MUFFET—Here's a comb—I'll put some paper over it.

JILL—Here's a jew's-harp!

BO-PEEP—Here's a mouth organ!

BOY BLUE—How'll we keep awake? He won't come until midnight, you know, and I'm sleepy right now.

JACK HORNER—We'll take turns standing guard, and the one who's guard when Santa Claus comes will wake up the others.

HUMPTY DUMPTY—A fine idea! Only don't let Boy Blue stand guard. You know how he fell asleep that time!

ALL THE REST—Ha, ha, ha!

BOY BLUE—I think I shouldn't talk, if I were you, Humpty Dumpty! You might fall down and break yourself any moment, if *you* were standing guard, and then who'd wake us up?

BO-PEEP—Now, boys, quit your quarreling! I'll stand guard first; Jack Horner, you may be second; Jill may be third, Jack fourth (*ranging them in line against the wall*); Boy Blue, you'll be number five; Simple Simon, six; Miss Muffet, seven; Curly Locks, eight; Humpty Dumpty, nine.

BOY BLUE (*stepping out and standing in front of Bo-Peep, arms akimbo*)—You seem to think *you* are running this show!

BO-PEEP—I am! Run to your places now.

JACK HORNER—All right! Come on, kids! (*They all get behind the curtain in sight of audience, but out of sight of Santa Claus. They sit on floor. Presently all, including guard, are asleep.*)

SANTA (*stepping out of fireplace*)—Well, well! That last chimney was a pretty tight squeeze. But I guess I'm all here! Let's see! What town is this? (*Looks about.*) Oh yes, this is——! This is the place where Mother Goose's family was to meet and hang up their stockings. Yes, and here are their stockings, right here. That one there belongs to Jack Horner—a pretty good sort of boy, but very greedy for pie! I mustn't give him anything to eat—he eats too much already. Let's see, I guess I'll give him a book. And here's Bo-Peep's stocking. A toy sheep for her, and one for Boy Blue, too. Here's Miss Muffet's stocking; I believe I'll play a joke on her. There's a toy spider in this box. Won't she jump when she opens it! (*Takes up another stocking.*) Simple Simon, eh? Poor little chap, the children are always making fun of him! He isn't half so simple as folks think he is. He'll make a fine man some day. I'll put in a primer for him—he must learn to read. And here are the stockings of Jack and Jill. Pretty good children, only terribly careless about falling down. Here's a roll of absorbent cotton, some gauze and some adhesive tape for them. And a bottle of liniment, too. Ha, ha! Their mother will appreciate that! Here's Humpty Dumpty's stocking—now what would *he* like? A bottle of New Skin to use if he should crack. Yes, that will be just the thing. And last of all what would Curly Locks like in her stocking? That's easy! Kid curlers, of course, to keep her hair in curl. Now each

one has his presents, I'll be off. (*Walks past curtain, discovers children.*) Well, if there isn't the whole shooting match, and all fast asleep! Watching for old Santa, I'll bet! That's not a new trick. But what are these things in their hands—a horn? a drum? a mouth-organ? Bless their hearts, they were going to serenade old Santa! And they fell asleep! Well, I must find some way of wakening them, if I'm going to get that serenade! Let's see—what'll I do? (*Falls over stool, making terrible noise, then dashes through door, stands and waits. Children all awaken, jump up.*)

JACK HORNER—Hi, there, kids, it's Santa Claus! Tune up! (*They begin to play and Santa dances.*)

BOY BLUE—What's the matter with Santa Claus?

ALL—He's all right!

BOY BLUE—Who's all right?

ALL—Santa Claus!

BOY BLUE—Three cheers for Santa Claus! Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!

(*Santa bows with lifted cap, waves, exits.*)

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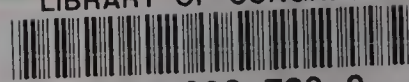
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